MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

EDITED BY W. J. ROLFE

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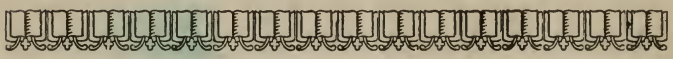

WINDSOR FOREST

SHAKESPEARE'S

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COMEDY OF THE

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT.D.

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ILLUSTRATED

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MERRY WIVES.

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PREFATORY NOTE

This play, originally edited by me in 1882, is now thoroughly revised on the same general plan as the earlier volumes in the new series.

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ANNE PAGE AND SLENDER

("I pray you, sir, walk in.")

PART OF WINDSOR CASTLE

INTRODUCTION TO THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

The earliest edition of *The Merry Wives* was a quarto printed in 1602, with the following title-page: —

"A | Most pleasaunt and | excellent conceited Co-|medie, of Syr *John Falstaffe*, and the | merrie Wiues of *Windsor*. | Entermixed with sundrie | variable and pleasing humors of Syr *Hugh* | the Welch Knight, Iustice *Shallow*, and his | wise Cousin M. *Slender*.| With the swaggering vaine of Auncient | *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*. | By *William Shakespeare*. | As it hath

bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable | my Lord Chamberlaines servants Both before her | Maiestie, and else-where. | LONDON | Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson; and are to be sold at | his shop in Powles Churchyard, at the signe of the | Flower de Leuse and the Crowne. | 1602."

A second quarto was published in 1619. These editions appear to be a pirated version of the play as first written, probably in 1599.

This early sketch was afterward revised and enlarged to about twice the original length; and this is the form in which it appears in the folio of 1623. Internal evidence shows that this revision was made after James came to the throne, and probably about 1605. In i. 1. 110 "king" is substituted for the "council" of the quarto. "These knights will hack," in ii. 1. 50, is supposed to allude to the 237 knights created by James in 1603. "When the court lay at Windsor," in ii. 2. 62, may refer to July, 1603; the court was usually held at Greenwich in the winter. The mention of "coach after coach," in ii. 2. 66, is not likely to have been made much before coaches came into general use, which, according to Howe's *Continuation of Stowe's Chronicle*, was in 1605. "Outrun on Cotsall," i. 1. 89, appears to allude to the reviving of the Cotswold games about 1603.

The entry in the *Accounts of the Revels*, according to which the play was acted at Whitehall on Sunday, Nov. 4, 1604, is now known to be a forgery, but there is

satisfactory evidence that it was based on correct information. It is probable that the revision of the play was made for a court performance at Windsor. "The fairy scene at the close, originally slight, gay, and satirical, such as the good folks of Windsor might have invented when inspired by a spirit of frolic-mischief, is discarded, in order to substitute a higher tone of fairy poetry, graceful and delicate, fanciful and grotesque. It seems probable that the author, when his play was about to be reproduced before the court, after some celebration of the Order of the Garter, rejected his former verses, in order to enrich his piece with a scene imitating and rivalling the high fanciful elegance of the masques, which had then become popular, and in which Ben Jonson was then exhibiting an exuberance of refined and original and delicate fancy, which could never have been anticipated from the stern satire, the coarse humour, and the learned imitations of his regular drama."

Tradition ascribes the origin of the play to Queen Elizabeth. Rowe, in the life of Shakespeare prefixed to his edition, first published in 1709, says that Elizabeth "was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff in the two parts of *Henry IV.* that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to show Falstaff in love." The same story had been given by John Dennis, in 1702 (in the preface to *The Comical Gallant*, a comedy founded on the *Merry Wives*), with unimportant variations, indicating that he

derived his information from some other source. He adds that the queen was so eager to see the play acted "that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days, and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation." The anecdote was repeated by Gildon in 1710, and was accepted without controversy by Pope, Theobald, and other of the earlier editors.

Some of the more recent critics have been more sceptical; but they are ably answered by Verplanck thus: "Yet, as Rowe relates his anecdote on the same authority with that on which most of the generally received facts of the poet's history are known, acknowledging his obligations to Betterton 'for the most considerable passages' of the biography; as Betterton was then seventy-four years of age, and thus might have received the story directly from contemporary authority; as Gildon was Betterton's friend and biographer, and as Dennis (a learned acute man, of a most uninventive and matter-of-fact mind) told his story seven or eight years before, 'with a difference,' yet without contradiction, so as to denote another and an independent source of evidence; as Pope, the rancorous enemy of poor Dennis, whom he and his contemporary wits have 'damned to everlasting fame,' received the traditions without hesitation; we have certainly, in the entire absence of any external or internal evidence to the contrary, as good a proof as any such insulated piece of literary history could well require or receive, although

it may not amount to such evidence as might be demanded to establish some contested point of religious or legal or political opinion."

The date that I have assigned to the play (1599) places it between 2 *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* That it was written after 2 *Henry IV.* is evident from the fact that Falstaff in that play was originally called Oldcastle, but not in this one. It has been urged that it must have been produced before *Henry V.* in which Falstaff's death is recorded; but it is not necessary to regard the *Merry Wives* as an integral part of the historical trilogy. If it was written at the request of Elizabeth, the dramatist would not have hesitated to resuscitate the knight for her gratification. It is more probable, however, that if, as Rowe asserts, it was her enjoyment of the two parts of *Henry IV.* that led her to "command" him to write a play showing Falstaff in love, and if she insisted on its being finished in a fortnight, the dramatist would have postponed the completion of the trilogy in order to do it.

The Sources of the Plot

Among the sources from which it has been supposed that Shakespeare may have got some hints for the plot of the *Merry Wives* are two tales in Straparola's *Le Tredici Piacevoli Notte*, and a modified version of one of these, under the title of "The Lovers of Pisa" in Tarleton's *Newes out of Purgatorie*, 1590; the tale of Bucciolo and Pietro Paulo in the *Pecorone* of Giovanni

Fiorentino; and "The Fishwife's Tale of Brainford" from *Westward for Smelts*. This last, however, was probably not published till 1620, though Malone refers to an edition of 1603.

General Comments on the Play

The critics have wasted much ink and ingenuity in trying to decide at what point in the career of Falstaff these Windsor adventures belong; but, as already suggested, we may consider the comedy as having a certain independence of the histories and not to be brought into chronological relations to them. As White remarks, "Shakespeare was not writing biography, even the biography of his own characters. He was a poet, but he wrote as a playwright; and the only consistency to which he held himself, or can be held by others, is the consistency of dramatic interest."

If we are to make a connected and consistent biography of Sir John out of the four plays, there is no alternative but to adopt the hypothesis of those critics who put the Windsor exploits *before* all the other experiences of the knight recorded by Shakespeare. Elizabeth may have induced the poet to write a play "with Sir John in it" in the rôle she proposed, but after comparing the new Sir John with the old we are constrained to say "this is not the man." At some uncertain period before we meet him in Eastcheap he may indeed have been capable of such fatuity, but he was too old a bird then to be caught with the chaff of the merry wives.

Verplanck (whose admirable criticisms of Shakespeare are now unfortunately out of print) remarks: "Assuming that Shakespeare, either in obedience to the command of his political sovereign — a lady somewhat tyrannical, and not a little fantastical, and yet a woman of genius and of letters, whose suggestions the most republican poet might be proud to receive — or to please that other many-headed sovereign, the public, to whom the poet owed a still truer allegiance — after having exhausted the last days of Falstaff in the historical dramas, had revived him for a new display of his character, and surrounded him with his former companions, it is quite incredible that he should have done so without some regard to the incidents, adventures, and characteristics that he alone had bestowed upon each one of them. Had these personages been like the cunning slave, the parasite, and the bully, of the Latin stage, or like the Scapins and Sganarelles of the old French comedy (characters common to every dramatic author), he would not have cared for any such connection. But these were the children of his own fancy, and they had lived in a world of his own creation; so that, though like Cervantes in similar circumstances he might fall into an occasional forgetful contradiction of his own story, it was every way improbable that he should not have had in his mind some plan of congruous invention. Now, he had already made his readers and audience familiar with the latter part of Falstaff's career. When he reproduced him, therefore, it was

natural that he should return to a somewhat earlier period of his life, especially when he was to represent him as a lover. Who, indeed, does not assent to Johnson's remarks on Falstaff's appearance in this character? He says: —

'No task is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakespeare knew what the queen seems not to have known, that by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff must have suffered so much abatement that little of his former cast could have remained. Falstaff could not love but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He could only counterfeit love. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having, perhaps, in the former plays completed his own ideas, he seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment.'

Every one of Falstaff's acquaintances must feel his amusement at Windsor dashed with constant vexation at seeing the hero of the Boar's Head 'made an ass of,' hunted and worried, and at last obliged to veil his triumphant wit even to 'the Welch flannel.' But we also feel that this same pleasant 'villainous misleader of youth,' that 'grey iniquity' delighting to 'take his ease in his own inn,' could not easily have been made the sport and butt even of ladies as sprightly and malicious as those of Windsor. It is quite clear that in the days of Mrs. Hostess Quickly, he had rid himself of all personal vanity that could lead him into any such self-

delusions. Yet, as the vanity of being thought acceptable to the other sex is one of the last that men get rid of, the author would naturally be led to paint Falstaff, in the perilous adventures to which he had destined him, as being still of an age (however ridiculous his courtship would seem to Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford) to be yet liable to the delusions of personal vanity, and exposed to its attendant mortifications. He is of course made to take his last lesson of experience in that matter, before settling down into the lazy luxury of the Boar's Head. He is accordingly, though substantially the same character, made more of a vivacious, dissolute old boy, and less of the sagacious Epicurean wit, than he appears in *Henry IV.* We have, then, only to imagine an indefinite interval of two or three years, during which Pistol and Bardolph return to their old service, and Mrs. Quickly removes from the quiet shades of Windsor to the more congenial atmosphere of a London tavern, and nothing is wanted to make the whole consistent and probable."

Hartley Coleridge, in his *Essays and Marginalia*, remarks: "That Queen Bess should have desired to see Falstaff making love proves her to have been, as she was, a gross-minded old baggage. Shakespeare has evaded the difficulty with great skill. He knew that Falstaff could not be in love, and has mixed but a little, a very little, *pruritus* with his fortune-hunting courtship. But the Falstaff of the *Merry Wives* is not the Falstaff of *Henry IV.* It is a big-

bellied impostor, assuming his name and style, or, at best, it is Falstaff in dotage. The Mrs. Quickly of Windsor is not mine hostess of the Boar's Head; but she is a very pleasant, busy, good-natured, unprincipled old woman, whom it is impossible to be angry with. Shallow should not have left his seat in Gloucestershire and his magisterial duties. Ford's jealousy is of too serious a complexion for the rest of the play. The merry wives are a delightful pair. Methinks I see them, with their comely, middle-aged visages, their dainty white ruffs and toys, their half-witch-like conic hats, their full farthingales, their neat though not over-slim waists, their housewifely keys, their girdles, their sly laughing looks, their apple-red cheeks, their brows the lines whereon look more like the work of mirth than years. And sweet Anne Page — she is a pretty little creature whom one would like to take on one's knee." It is noteworthy that Maurice Morgann, in his essay on Falstaff, avoids the *Merry Wives*.

Whether Shakespeare found his plot in Italian or other literature, the play is thoroughly English. "It 'smells April and May,' like Fenton. It has the bright healthy country air all through it: Windsor Park with its elms, the glad light-green of its beeches, its ferns, and deer. There is coursing and hawking, Datchet Mead, and the silver Thames, and though not

> 'The white feet of laughing girls
> Whose sires have marched to Rome,'

yet those of stout, bare-legged, bare-armed English wenches plying their washing-trade. There 's a healthy moral as well: 'Wives may be merry and yet honest too.' The lewd court hanger-on, whose wit always mastered men, is outwitted and routed by Windsor wives" (Furnivall).

Charles Cowden-Clarke, in similar vein, remarks: "The *Merry Wives of Windsor* is one of those delightfully happy plays of Shakespeare, beaming with sunshine and good-humour, that makes one feel the better, the lighter, and the happier for having seen or read it. It has a superadded charm, too, from the scene being purely English; and we all know how rare and how precious English sunshine is, both literally and metaphorically. The *Merry Wives* may be designated the 'sunshine' of domestic life, as the *As You Like It* is the 'sunshine' of romantic life. The out-door character that pervades both plays gives to them their tone of buoyancy and enjoyment, and true holiday feeling. We have the meeting of Shallow and Slender and Page in the streets of Windsor, who saunter on, chatting of the 'fallow greyhound,' and of his being 'outrun on Cotsall'; and, still strolling on, they propose the match between Slender and 'sweet Anne Page.' Then Anne brings wine out of doors to them; though her father, with the genuine feeling of old English hospitality, presses them to come into his house, and enjoy it with a 'hot venison pasty to dinner.' And she afterwards comes out into the garden to bid Master Slender to

table, where, we may imagine, he has been lounging about, in the hope of the fresh air relieving his sheepish embarrassment. When Doctor Caius bids his servant bring him his rapier, he answers, ' 'T is ready, sir, here in the porch,' conveying the idea of a room leading at once into the open air — such a room as used to be called ' a summer parlour.' Then we hear of Anne Page being at a ' farm-house a-feasting ' ; and we have Mrs. Page leading her little boy William to school ; and Sir Hugh Evans sees people coming ' from Frogmore over the stile this way ' ; and we find that Master Ford ' is this morning gone a-birding.' Even the very headings to the scenes breathe of dear, lovely English scenery — ' Windsor Park ' — ' A field near Frogmore.' They talk, too, of Datchet Lane ; and Sir John Falstaff is ' slighted into the river.' And, with this, come thronging visions of the ' silver Thames,' and some of those exquisite leafy nooks on its banks, with the cawing of rooks ; and its little islands, crowned with the dark and glossy-leaved alder ; and barges lapsing on its tranquil tide. To crown all, the story winds up with a plot to meet in Windsor Park at midnight, to trick the fat knight beneath ' Herne's oak.' The whole play, indeed, is, as it were, a village, or even a homestead pastoral."

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Sir John Falstaff.
Fenton, a gentleman.
Shallow, a country justice.
Slender, a cousin to Shallow.
Ford, Page, } two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
William Page, a boy, son to Page.
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welsh parson.
Doctor Caius, a French physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.
Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, } sharpers attending on Falstaff.
Robin, page to Falstaff.
Simple, servant to Slender.
Rugby, servant to Doctor Caius.

Mistress Ford.
Mistress Page.
Anne Page, her daughter.
Mistress Quickly, servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, etc.

Scene : *Windsor and the neighbourhood.*

WINCHESTER TOWER, WINDSOR CASTLE

ACT I

SCENE I. *Windsor. Before Page's House*

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS

Shallow. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it. If he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slender. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and coram.

Shallow. Ay, cousin Slender, and custalorum.

Slender. Ay, and ratolorum too; and a gentleman born, master parson, who writes himself armigero, in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, armigero.

Shallow. Ay, that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slender. All his successors gone before him hath done 't, and all his ancestors that come after him may; they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shallow. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well. It agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shallow. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slender. I may quarter, coz.

Shallow. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shallow. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py'r lady. If he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shallow. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot. The council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shallow. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the swords should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slender. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed — Got deliver to a joyful resurrections! — give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shallow. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shallow. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

Shallow. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I peseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. — [*Knocks.*] What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Page. [*Within*] Who 's there?

Enter PAGE

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. — I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shallow. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed. — How doth good Mistress Page? — and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shallow. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slender. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slender. You 'll not confess, you 'll not confess.

Shallow. That he will not. — 'T is your fault, 't is your fault; 't is a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shallow. Sir, he 's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shallow. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shallow. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me, indeed he hath; at a word, he hath, believe me. Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, *and* Pistol

Falstaff. Now, Master Shallow, you 'll complain of me to the king?

Shallow. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Falstaff. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

Shallow. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Falstaff. I will answer it straight; I have done all this. That is now answered.

Shallow. The council shall know this.

Falstaff. 'T were better for you if it were known in counsel; you 'll be laughed at.

Evans. Pauca verba, Sir John; goot worts.

Falstaff. Good worts? good cabbage! — Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slender. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pockets.

Bardolph. You Banbury cheese!

Slender. Ay, it is no matter.

Pistol. How now, Mephostophilus!

Slender. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca; slice! that 's my humour.

Slender. Where 's Simple, my man? — Can you tell, cousin?

Evans. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Evans. Fery goot; I will make a prief of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Falstaff. Pistol!

Pistol. He hears with ears.

Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, he hears with ear? why, it is affectations.

Falstaff. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slender. Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shillings and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Falstaff. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pistol. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! — Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo. —
Word of denial in thy labras here!
Word of denial! froth and scum, thou liest!

Slender. By these gloves, then, 't was he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours. I will say marry trap with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slender. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Falstaff. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bardolph. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Evans. It is his five senses; fie, what the ignorance is!

Bardolph. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careers.

Slender. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 't is no matter. I 'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick. If I be drunk, I 'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evans. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Falstaff. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter ANNE PAGE, *with wine;* MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE, *following*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we 'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*

Slender. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford!

Falstaff. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good mistress. [*Kisses her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. — Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all except Shallow, Slender, and Evans.*

Slender. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here. —

Enter SIMPLE

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must

wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Simple. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shallow. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 't were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Slender. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shallow. Nay, but understand me.

Slender. So I do, sir.

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender. I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slender. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you, pardon me; he 's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shallow. Ay, there 's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it, the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slender. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is

parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shallow. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slender. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shallow. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slender. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shallow. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slender. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another. I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt, but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer, save the fall is in the ort 'dissolutely'; the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely.' His meaning is goot.

Shallow. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slender. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

Shallow. Here comes fair Mistress Anne. —

Re-enter ANNE PAGE

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shallow. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Evans. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt Shallow and Evans.*

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slender. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slender. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. — Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. — [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometimes may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship; they will not sit till you come.

Slender. I' faith, I 'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slender. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence — three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes — and, by my troth, I cannot

abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slender. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slender. That 's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it that it passed. But women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slender. I 'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.

Slender. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slender. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slender. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slender. I 'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The Same*

Enter Sir Hugh Evans *and* Simple

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simple. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet. — Give her this letter, for it is a oman that altogether 's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner; there 's pippins and seese to come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A Room in the Garter Inn*

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, *and* Robin

Falstaff. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.

Falstaff. Truly, mine host. I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier. Let them wag; trot, trot.

Falstaff. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou 'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap. Said I well, bully Hector?

Falstaff. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. — [*To Bardolph*] Let me see thee froth and lime. I am at a word; follow. [*Exit.*

Falstaff. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin, a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bardolph. It is a life that I have desired. I will thrive.

Pistol. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [*Exit Bardolph.*

Nym. He was gotten in drink; is not the humour conceited?

Falstaff. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box. His thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest.

Pistol. Convey, the wise it call. Steal! foh! a fico for the phrase!

Falstaff. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pistol. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Falstaff. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch, I must shift.

Pistol. Young ravens must have food.

Falstaff. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pistol. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Falstaff. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pistol. Two yards, and more.

Falstaff. No quips now, Pistol! — Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift. — Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife. I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation. I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.'

Pistol. He hath studied her well, and translated her ill — out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humour pass?

Falstaff. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.

Pistol. As many devils entertain, and 'To her, boy,' say I.

Nym. The humour rises, it is good; humour me the angels.

Falstaff. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious œillades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pistol. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Falstaff. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors

with such a greedy intention that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here 's another letter to her. She bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. — Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; — and thou this to Mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pistol. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all.

Nym. I will run no base humour; here, take the humour-letter. I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Falstaff. [*To Robin*] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. —
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go!
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof! seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age, —
French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.*

Pistol. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Tester I 'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head which be humours of revenge.

Pistol. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin and her star!

Pistol. With wit or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I; I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pistol. And I to Ford shall eke unfold
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool. I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous. That is my true humour.

Pistol. Thou art the Mars of malecontents. I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *A Room in Doctor Caius's House*

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, *and* Rugby

Quickly. What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rugby. I 'll go watch.

Quickly. Go; and we 'll have a posset for 't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. —[*Exit Rugby.*] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal, and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate. His worst

fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way. But nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. — Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Simple. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quickly. And Master Slender 's your master?

Simple. Ay, forsooth.

Quickly. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Simple. No, forsooth; he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-coloured beard.

Quickly. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Simple. Ay, forsooth, but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quickly. How say you? — O, I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Simple. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quickly. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master. Anne is a good girl, and I wish —

Re-enter RUGBY

Rugby. Out, alas! here comes my master. [*Exit.*

Quickly. We shall all be shent. — Run in here, good young man; go into this closet: he will not stay long. — [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say! — Go, John,

go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home.

[Singing] *And down, down, adown-a,* etc.

Enter Doctor Caius

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier vert, a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quickly. Ay, forsooth; I 'll fetch it you. — [*Aside*] I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais a la cour — la grande affaire.

Quickly. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Oui; mette le au mon pocket; dépêche, quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quickly. What, John Rugby! John!

Re-enter Rugby

Rugby. Here, sir!

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

Rugby. 'T is ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long. — Od 's me! Qu'ai-j' oublié! dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quickly. Ay me, he 'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? — Villain! larron! — [*Pulling Simple out.*] Rugby, my rapier!

Quickly. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Quickly. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quickly. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it; he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Simple. Ay, forsooth; to desire her to —

Quickly. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue. — Speak-a your tale.

Simple. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quickly. This is all, indeed, la! but I 'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? — Rugby, baille me some paper. — Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*

Quickly. [*Aside to Simple*] I am glad he is so quiet; if he had been throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I 'll do you your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master, — I may call him my

master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself, —

Simple. [*Aside to Quickly*] 'T is a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quickly. [*Aside to Simple*] Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late; — but notwithstanding, — to tell you in your ear, — I would have no words of it, — my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page; but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind, — that 's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack-a-nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here. — By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*

Quickly. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a vor dat; do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon. By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quickly. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate; what, the good-year!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me. — By

gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. — Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*

Quickly. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that; never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fenton. [*Within*] Who 's within there? ho!

Quickly. Who 's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON

Fenton. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quickly. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fenton. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quickly. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fenton. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quickly. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I 'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. — Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fenton. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quickly. Well, thereby hangs a tale. Good faith,

it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread: we had an hour's talk of that wart. I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But indeed she is given too much to allicholy and musing; but for you — well, go to.

Fenton. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there 's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf. If thou seest her before me, commend me.

Quickly. Will I? i' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fenton. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

Quickly. Farewell to your worship. — [*Exit Fenton.*] Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not, for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. — Out upon 't! what have I forgot?

'HERE 'S THE TWIN-BROTHER OF THY LETTER'

ACT II

SCENE I. *Before Page's House*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE *with a letter*

Mrs. Page. What, have I scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see.

[Reads] '*Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there 's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there 's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better*

sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, — at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice, — that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, — 't is not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight, JOHN FALSTAFF.'

What a Herod of Jewry is this! — O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked — with the devil's name! — out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! — What should I say to him? — I was then frugal of my mirth. — Heaven forgive me! — Why, I 'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter MISTRESS FORD

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What 's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight. Here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not swear, praised women's modesty, and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust

have melted him in his own grease. — Did you ever hear the like? 67

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! — To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here 's the twin-brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, — sure, more, — and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man. 79

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I 'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding call you it? I 'll be sure to keep him above deck. 90

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I 'll never to sea again. Let 's be revenged on him; let 's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited

delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too. He 's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that I hope is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let 's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter FORD *with* PISTOL, *and* PAGE *with* NYM

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pistol. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs; Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pistol. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford.
He loves the gallimaufry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife!

Pistol. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels.
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pistol. The horn, I say. Farewell.

Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by night;
Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds do sing. —
Away, Sir Corporal Nym! —
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit.*

Ford. [*Aside*] I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [*To Page*] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours; I should have borne the humoured letter to her, but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak and I avouch; 't is true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese, and there 's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Page. The humour of it, quoth a'! here 's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, — well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'T was a good sensible fellow; well.

Page. How now, Meg?

[*Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forward.*

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. — Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. — Now, will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. — You 'll come to dinner, George? — [*Aside to Mrs. Ford*] Look who comes yonder; she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs. Ford. [*Aside to Mrs. Page*] Trust me, I thought on her; she 'll fit it.

Enter Mistress Quickly

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quickly. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*

Page. How now, Master Ford!

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is any truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it. But these that accuse him in

his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men, very rogues now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident. I would have nothing lie on my head. I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily. —

Enter HOST

How now, mine host!

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou 'rt a gentleman. — Cavalero-justice, I say!

Enter SHALLOW

Shallow. I follow, mine host, I follow. — Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shallow. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between

Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you. [*Drawing him aside.*

Host. What sayest thou, my bully-rook?

Shallow. [*To Page*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be. [*They converse apart.*

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest; but I 'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook, — only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully. Thou shalt have egress and regress; — said I well? — and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. — Will you go, mynheers?

Shallow. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shallow. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what. 'T is the heart, Master Page; 't is here, 't is here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag? 226

Page. Have with you. — I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into 't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 't is labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *A Room in the Garter Inn*

Enter Falstaff *and* Pistol

Falstaff. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pistol. Why, then the world 's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

Falstaff. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym, or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not. 12

Pistol. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Falstaff. Reason, you rogue, reason; thinkest thou I 'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you. Go. A short knife and a throng! To your manor of Pickt-hatch! Go. — You 'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour. Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, ay, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

Pistol. I do relent; what would thou more of man?

Enter Robin

Robin. Sir, here 's a woman would speak with you.

Falstaff. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly

Quickly. Give your worship good morrow.

Falstaff. Good morrow, good wife.

Quickly. Not so, an 't please your worship.

Falstaff. Good maid, then.

Quickly. I 'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Falstaff. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quickly. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Falstaff. Two thousand, fair woman; and I 'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quickly. There is one Mistress Ford, sir, — I pray, come a little nearer this ways. — I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius, —

Falstaff. Well, one Mistress Ford, you say, —

Quickly. Your worship says very true. — I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Falstaff. I warrant thee, nobody hears; — mine own people, mine own people.

Quickly. Are they so? God bless them and make them his servants!

Falstaff. Well, Mistress Ford, — what of her?

Quickly. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship 's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you and all of us, I pray!

Falstaff. Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford, —

Quickly. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 't is wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling,

I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning, but I defy all angels, in any such sort, as they say, but in the way of honesty; and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her. 78

Falstaff. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quickly. Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Falstaff. Ten and eleven?

Quickly. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of. Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him. He 's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart. 91

Falstaff. Ten and eleven. — Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quickly. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell

you in your ear she 's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other; and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man. Surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Falstaff. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quickly. Blessing on your heart for 't!

Falstaff. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quickly. That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope; that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves. Her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does. Do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it, for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Falstaff. Why, I will.

Quickly. Nay, but do so, then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case

have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing, for 't is not good that children should know any wickedness. Old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Falstaff. Fare thee well; commend me to them both. There 's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. — Boy, go along with this woman. — [*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin.*] This news distracts me!

Pistol. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers. — Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights! Give fire! she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit.*

Falstaff. Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I 'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 't is grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph

Bardolph. Sir John, there 's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you and be acquainted with you, and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Falstaff. Brook is his name?

Bardolph. Ay, sir.

Falstaff. Call him in. — [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor.

— Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; via!

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *disguised*

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Falstaff. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Falstaff. You 're welcome. What 's your will? — Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Falstaff. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours; not to charge you, for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Falstaff. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me; if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Falstaff. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Falstaff. Speak, good Master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar, — I will be brief with you, — and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means as desire to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Falstaff. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

Falstaff. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance, engrossed opportunities to meet her, feed every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

'*Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues,*
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.'

Falstaff. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Falstaff. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Falstaff. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Falstaff. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Falstaff. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife. Use your art of wooing, win her

to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Falstaff. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

Falstaff. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir.

Falstaff. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Falstaff. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment, — even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from

me, — I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir? 271

Falstaff. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not. — Yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer, and there 's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him. 279

Falstaff. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits, I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. — Come to me soon at night. — Ford 's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. — Come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers

ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! Amaimon sounds well, Lucifer well, Barbason well, yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends; but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself. Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be praised for my jealousy! — Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

Scene III. *A Field near Windsor*

Enter Caius *and* Rugby

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rugby. Sir?

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rugby. 'T is past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rugby. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rugby. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rugby. Forbear; here 's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, *and* Page

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor!

Shallow. Save you, Master Doctor Caius!

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slender. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian, King Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shallow. He is the wiser man, master doctor. He is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. — Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shallow. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'T is true, Master Shallow.

Shallow. It will be found so, Master Page. — Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice. — A word, Mounseur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as mush mock-vater as de Englishman. — Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully, — but first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there. See what humour he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shallow. We will do it.

Page, Shallow, and Slender. Adieu, good master doctor. [*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-a-nape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through Frogmore. I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting, and thou shalt woo her. Cried game? said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat; by gar, I love

you, and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 't is good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

MISTRESS PAGE AND ROBIN (SCENE 2)

ACT III

SCENE I. *A Field near Frogmore*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's servingman, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Simple. Marry, sir, the pitty-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way.

Simple. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Evans. Pless my soul, how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind! — I shall be glad if he have deceived me. — How melancholies I am! — I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have good opportunities for the ork. — Pless my soul!

[Sings] *To shallow rivers, to whose falls*
Melodious pirds sings madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow —

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry. —

[Sings] *Melodious pirds sing madrigals —*
Whenas I sat in Pabylon —
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow —

Re-enter SIMPLE

Simple. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Evans. He 's welcome. —

[Sings] *To shallow rivers, to whose falls —*

Heaven prosper the right! — What weapons is he?

Simple. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER

Shallow. How now, master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slender. [*Aside*] Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh! 40

Evans. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shallow. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still! in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!

Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Evans. Fery well; what is it? 49

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shallow. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician. 59

Evans. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen, — and he is a knave besides, a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he 's the man should fight with him.

Slender. [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page!

Shallow. It appears so by his weapons. — Keep them asunder. — Here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, *and* Rugby

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shallow. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, use your patience; in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. — [*Aloud*] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby, — mine host de Jarteer, — have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a Christians soul now, look you, this is the place appointed. I 'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!

Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent. 97

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. — Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. — Give me thy hand, celestial; so. — Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places. Your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. — Come, lay their swords to pawn. —Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow. 109

Shallow. Trust me, a mad host. — Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slender. [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shallow, Slender, Page, and Host.*

Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

Evans. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog. — I desire you that we may be friends;

and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles. — Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A Street*

Enter Mistress Page *and* Robin

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Robin. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now I see you 'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, — two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of. — What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Robin. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on 's name. — There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir. I am sick till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination, he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she 's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind. — And Falstaff's boy with her! — Good plots, they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. — [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather praised for this than

mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there. I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY

Shallow, Page, etc. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot. I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shallow. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slender. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I 'll speak of.

Shallow. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slender. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender, I stand wholly for you; — but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ah, be-gar; and de maid is love-a me. My nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May. He will carry 't, he will carry 't; 't is in his buttons; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having; he kept company with

the wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance. If he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner. Besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. — Master doctor, you shall go; — so shall you, Master Page; — and you, Sir Hugh.

Shallow. Well, fare you well. — We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

[*Exeunt Shallow and Slender.*

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit Rugby.*

Host. Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit.*

Ford. [*Aside*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I 'll make him dance. — Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A Room in Ford's House*

Enter Mistress Ford *and* Mistress Page

Mrs. Ford. What, John! — What, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket —

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. — What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants *with a basket*

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house, and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. — Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

Robin. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Robin. Ay, I 'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for he swears he 'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou 'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. — I 'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so. — Go tell thy master I am alone. — [*Exit Robin.*] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then. We 'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; we 'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff

Falstaff. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Falstaff. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead, — I 'll speak it before the best lord, — I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

Falstaff. Let the court of France show me such

another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond; thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John; my brows become nothing else, — nor that well neither.

Falstaff. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so. Thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there 's no such thing in me.

Falstaff. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there 's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time, — I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Falstaff. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Falstaff. Keep in that mind; I 'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Robin. [*Within*] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here 's Mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Falstaff. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she 's a very tattling woman. — [*Falstaff hides himself.*

Re-enter Mistress Page *and* Robin

What 's the matter? how now!

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You 're shamed, you 're overthrown, you 're undone for ever!

Mrs. Ford. What 's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion! — Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what 's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband 's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'T is not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 't is most certain your husband 's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand 'you had rather' and 'you had rather;' your husband 's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance; in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket. If he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking; or — it is whiting-time — send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He 's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Falstaff. [*Coming forward*] Let me see 't, let me see 't, O, let me see 't! I 'll in, I 'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I 'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Falstaff. I love thee. Help me away. Let me creep in here. I 'll never —

[*Gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. — Call your men, Mistress Ford. — You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

[*Exit Robin.*

Re-enter Servants

Go take up these clothes here quickly. — Where 's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble! — Carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come!

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, *and* Sir Hugh Evans

Ford. Pray you, come near. If I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it. — How now! whither bear you this?

Servants. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. — [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I 'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here

be my keys; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out. I 'll warrant we 'll unkennel the fox. — Let me stop this way first. — [*Locking the door.*] So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented; you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. — Up, gentlemen, you shall see sport anon; follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Evans. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 't is no the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt Page, Caius, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your husband asked what was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here, for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will

yet have more tricks with Falstaff; his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it; let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, *and* Sir Hugh Evans

Ford. I cannot find him; may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside to Mrs. Ford*] Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen!

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'T is my fault, Master Page; I suffer for it.

Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promised you a dinner. — Come, come, walk in the Park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. — Come, wife; — come, Mistress Page. — I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let 's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we 'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast. After, we 'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If dere be one or two, I shall make-a de tird.

Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.

Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart!

Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *A Room in Page's House*

Enter Fenton *and* Anne Page

Fenton. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.
Anne. Alas, how then?
Fenton. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of birth,
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me, —
My riots past, my wild societies, —
And tells me 't is a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.
Anne. May be he tells you true.
Fenton. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne,
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;
And 't is the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.
Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir.
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then, — hark you hither!

[*They converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* MISTRESS QUICKLY

Shallow. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slender. I 'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't. 'Slid, 't is but venturing.

Shallow. Be not dismayed.

Slender. No, she shall not dismay me; I care not for that, — but that I am afeard.

Quickly. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. — [*Aside*] This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quickly. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shallow. She 's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slender. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. — Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shallow. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slender. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shallow. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slender. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shallow. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shallow. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. — She calls you, coz; I 'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender, —

Slender. Now, good Mistress Anne, —

Anne. What is your will?

Slender. My will! 'od's heartlings, that 's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slender. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions. If it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can. You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and* MISTRESS PAGE

Page. Now, Master Slender! — Love him, daughter Anne. —
Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here? —
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house;
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fenton. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fenton. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton. — Come, Master Shallow; — come, son Slender, in. — Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Fenton.*

Quickly. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fenton. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire; let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quickly. That 's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth
And bowl'd to death with turnips!

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. — Good Master Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy;
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
Till then farewell, sir. She must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

Fenton. Farewell, gentle mistress. — Farewell, Nan.
[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*

Quickly. This is my doing, now. — Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool and a physician? Look on Master Fenton. — This is my doing.

Fenton. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring. There 's for thy pains.

Quickly. Now heaven send thee good fortune! — [*Exit Fenton.*] A kind heart he hath; a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promised and I 'll be as good as my word, — but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses; what a beast am I to slack it! [*Exit.*

Scene V. *A Room in the Garter Inn*

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph

Falstaff. Bardolph, I say, —

Bardolph. Here, sir.

Falstaff. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. — [*Exit Bardolph.*] Have I lived to be

carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I 'll have my brains ta'en out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter; and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking. If the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned but that the shore was shelvy and shallow, — a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man, and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH *with sack*

Bardolph. Here 's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Falstaff. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly 's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. — Call her in.

Bardolph. Come in, woman!

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

Quickly. By your leave; I cry you mercy. Give your worship good morrow.

Falstaff. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bardolph. With eggs, sir?

Falstaff. Simple of itself; I 'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. — [*Exit Bardolph.*] How now!

Quickly. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Falstaff. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough. I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quickly. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault. She does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Falstaff. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quickly. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly; she 'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Falstaff. Well, I will visit her. Tell her so, and bid her think what a man is; let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quickly. I will tell her.

Falstaff. Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

Quickly. Eight and nine, sir.

Falstaff. Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

Quickly. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Falstaff. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he

sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter Ford

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Falstaff. Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Falstaff. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Falstaff. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Falstaff. No, Master Brook, but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Falstaff. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Falstaff. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and

Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Falstaff. By the Lord, a buck-basket! rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Falstaff. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane. They took me on their shoulders, met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it, but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease. Think of that, — a man of my kidney, — think of

that, — that am as subject to heat as butter, — a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that, — hissing hot, — think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you 'll undertake her no more?

Falstaff. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding. I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'T is past eight already, sir.

Falstaff. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake! Master Ford! there 's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 't is to be married! this 't is to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am. I will now take the lecher; he is at

my house; he cannot scape me, 't is impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame; if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, — I 'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*

'Out of my door, you witch!

ACT IV

Scene I. *A Street*

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, *and* William

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quickly. Sure he is by this, or will be presently; but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his

throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I 'll be with her by and by; I 'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 't is a playing-day, I see. —

Enter Sir Hugh Evans

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quickly. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans. Come hither, William. Hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah. Hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

William. Two.

Quickly. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, 'od 's nouns.

Evans. Peace your tattlings! — What is 'fair,' William?

William. Pulcher.

Quickly. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity oman; I pray you, peace. — What is 'lapis,' William?

William. A stone.

Evans. And what is 'a stone,' William?

William. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is 'lapis;' I pray you, remember in your prain.

William. Lapis.

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

William. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.

Evans. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?

William. Accusativo, hinc.

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; accusativo, hung, hang, hog.

Quickly. Hang-hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans. Leave your prabbles, oman. — What is the focative case, William?

William. O! — vocativo, O! —

Evans. Remember, William; focative is caret.

Quickly. And that 's a good root.

Evans. Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Evans. What is your genitive case plural, William?

William. Genitive case!

Evans. Ay.

William. Genitive, — horum, harum, horum.

Quickly. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans. For shame, oman.

Quickly. You do ill to teach the child such words. — He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they 'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call horum. — Fie upon you!

Evans. Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

William. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is qui, quæ, quod; if you forget your quies, your quæs, and your quods, you must be preeches. Go your ways and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Evans. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. — [*Exit Sir Hugh.*] Get you home, boy. — Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A Room in Ford's House*

Enter Falstaff *and* Mistress Ford

Falstaff. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He 's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within*] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Enter Mistress Page

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who 's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed!

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. — [*Aside to her*] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again; he so takes on yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind, so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever, and

so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, 'Peer out, peer out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him, and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket, — protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! The knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then you are utterly shamed, and he 's but a dead man. What a woman are you! — Away with him, away with him! better shame than murther.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF

Falstaff. No, I 'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue

out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Falstaff. What shall I do? — I 'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Falstaff. Where is it? 58

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the house.

Falstaff. I 'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised —

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape. 71

Falstaff. Good hearts, devise something; any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him, she 's as big as he is; and there 's her thrummed hat and muffler too. — Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John; Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head. 80

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick! we 'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape! he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she 's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming? 89

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he, and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll try that; for I 'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he 'll be here presently; let 's go dress him like the witch of Brentford. 97

Mrs. Ford. I 'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I 'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We 'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.
We do not act that often jest and laugh;
'T is old, but true, still swine eat all the draff. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Mistress Ford *with two* Servants

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on

your shoulders. Your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly, dispatch.

[*Exit.*

1 *Servant.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Servant.* Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

1 *Servant.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? — Set down the basket, villains! — Somebody call my wife. — Youth in a basket! — O you panderly rascals! there 's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me; now shall the devil be shamed. — What, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shallow. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir. —

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD

Come hither, Mistress Ford, — Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous crea-

ture, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! — I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. — Come forth, sirrah! [*Pulling clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'T is unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket; why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable. — Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here 's no man.

Shallow. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he 's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me forever be your table-sport; let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.' Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman 's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what 's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond our element; we know nothing. — Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband! — Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Re-enter FALSTAFF *in woman's clothes, and* MISTRESS PAGE

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I 'll prat her. — [*Beating him*] Out of my door, you witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat,

you ronyon! out, out! I 'll conjure you, I 'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it. — 'T is a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think the oman is a witch indeed. I like not when a oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let 's obey his humour a little further. Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I 'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers. 221

Mrs. Ford. I 'll warrant they 'll have him publicly shamed; and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it. I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A Room in the Garter Inn*

Enter Host *and* Bardolph

Bardolph. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses; the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. — Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bardolph. Ay, sir; I 'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I 'll make them pay; I 'll sauce them. They have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests. They must come off; I 'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *A Room in Ford's House*

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, *and* Sir Hugh Evans

Evans. 'T is one of the pest discretions of a oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness. Now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'T is well, 't is well; no more:
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence.
But let our plot go forward; let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they 'll meet him in the park at midnight? Fie, fie! he 'll never come.

Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers

and has been grievously peaten as an old oman. Methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you 'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd and did deliver to our age
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he 'll come;
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we 'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song; upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly.
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight,
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.
Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound
And burn him with their tapers.
Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We 'll all present ourselves, dishorn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.
Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this or they 'll ne'er do 't.
Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-a-napes also, to burn the knight with my taber.
Ford. That will be excellent. I 'll go and buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.
Page. That silk will I go buy. — [*Aside*] And in that time
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away
And marry her at Eton. — Go send to Falstaff straight.
Ford. Nay, I 'll to him again in name of Brook.
He 'll tell me all his purpose; sure, he 'll come.
Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties
And tricking for our fairies.
Evans. Let us about it; it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries.
[*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*
Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind. —
[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*
I 'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects.
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.
[*Exit.*

Scene V. *A Room in the Garter Inn*

Enter Host *and* Simple

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simple. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There 's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed; 't is painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he 'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee; knock, I say.

Simple. There 's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber. I 'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed; I 'll call. — Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military; art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Falstaff. [*Above*] How now, mine host!

Host. Here 's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable; fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff

Falstaff. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she 's gone.

Simple. Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Falstaff. Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell; what would you with her?

Simple. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Falstaff. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simple. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Falstaff. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Simple. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

Falstaff. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Simple. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Simple. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Falstaff. 'T is, 't is his fortune.

Simple. What, sir?

Falstaff. To have her, — or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

Simple. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Falstaff. Ay, sir; like who more bold?

Simple. I thank your worship. I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit.*

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Falstaff. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life, — and I paid nothing for it, neither, but was paid for my learning. 62

Enter BARDOLPH

Bardolph. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bardolph. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them, in a slough of mire, and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses. 71

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain. Do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS

Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of

horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wise and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 't is not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor Caius

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarteer?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma. 87

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat, but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany; by my trot, dere is no duke dat the court is know to come. I tell you for good vill; adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go! — Assist me, knight. I am undone! — Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [*Exeunt Host and Bardolph.*

Falstaff. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop and liquor fishermen's boots with me. I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I foreswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. — 105

Enter Mistress Quickly

Now, whence come you?

Quickly. From the two parties, forsooth.

Falstaff. The devil take one party and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quickly. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them. Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Falstaff. What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow, and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quickly. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Falstaff. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *Another Room in the Garter Inn*

Enter Fenton *and* Host

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fenton. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I 'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Fenton. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page,
Who mutually hath answer'd my affection,
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,
Even to my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at,
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter
That neither singly can be manifested
Without the show of both. — Fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene; the image of the jest
I 'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host.
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen, —
The purpose why is here, — in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry; she hath consented.
Now, sir,
Her mother, ever strong against that match
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,

And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her; to this her mother's plot
She seemingly obedient likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor. — Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white,
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
She shall go with him; her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor, —
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded, —
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Fenton. Both, my good host, to go along with me;
And here it rests, — that you 'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I 'll to the vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fenton. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I 'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

HERNE'S OAK

ACT V

SCENE I. *A Room in the Garter Inn*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* MISTRESS QUICKLY

Falstaff. Prithee, no more prattling; go. I 'll hold. — This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. — Away! go. — They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. — Away!

Quickly. I 'll provide you a chain, and I 'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Falstaff. Away, I say; time wears. Hold up your head, and mince. — [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*

Enter FORD

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Falstaff. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you. He beat me grievously in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam, because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste, go along with me; I 'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what 't was to be beaten till lately. Follow me; I 'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. — Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Windsor Park*

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender

Page. Come, come; we 'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. — Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slender. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry 'mum;' she cries 'budget,' and by that we know one another.

Shallow. That 's good too; but what needs either your 'mum' or her 'budget?' the white will decipher her well enough. — It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let 's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A Street leading to the Park*

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, *and* Doctor Caius

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. — [*Exit Caius.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter. But 't is no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights, which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Windsor Park*

Enter Sir Hugh Evans *disguised, with others as Fairies*

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies, come; and remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-ords do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Another Part of the Park*

Enter Falstaff *disguised as Herne*

Falstaff. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda. O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast. O Jove, a beastly fault! And then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on 't, Jove, a foul fault! — When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove! — Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress Ford *and* Mistress Page

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Falstaff. My doe with the black scut! — Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleeves,' hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Falstaff. Divide me like a bribed buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? — Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Falstaff. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away! [*They run off.*
Mrs. Page. }

Falstaff. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that 's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, *as a Satyr; another person, as Hobgoblin;* Anne Page, *as the Fairy Queen attended by her Brother and others as Fairies, with tapers*

Anne. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality. —
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

Hobgoblin. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys! —
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap.
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry;
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.
Falstaff. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die.
I 'll wink and couch. No man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*
Evans. Where 's Bede? — Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.
Anne. About, about!
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every room,
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 't is fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower;
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring.
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' write

In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white,
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee.
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away! disperse! but till 't is one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree. —
But, stay! I smell a man of middle-earth.

Falstaff. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Hobgoblin. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end.
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Hobgoblin. A trial, come!

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Falstaff. Oh, oh, oh!

Anne. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire! —
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Song

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

[*During this song they pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way and steals away a fairy in green; Slender another way and takes off a fairy in white; and Fenton comes and steals away Anne Page. A noise of hunting is heard within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, *and* Mistress Ford

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now.
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher. —
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives? —

See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who 's a cuckold now? — Master Brook, Falstaff 's a knave, a cuckoldly knave, — here are his horns, Master Brook, — and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Falstaff. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Falstaff. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 't is upon ill employment!

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Falstaff. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'T is time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Falstaff. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns and sack and wine and metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Falstaff. Well, I am your theme; you have the

start of me. I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel. Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we 'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander; over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight; thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside*] Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter SLENDER

Slender. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?

Slender. Dispatched! I 'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on 't; would I were hanged, la, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slender. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she 's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir! — and 't is a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slender. I went to her in white, and cried 'mum,' and she cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry; I knew of your purpose, turned my daughter into green, and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened! I ha' married un garcon, a boy; un paysan, by gar, a boy! it is not Anne Page; by gar, I am cozened!

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 't is a boy; by gar, I 'll raise all Windsor! [*Exit.*

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me. Here comes Master Fenton. —

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE

How now, Master Fenton!

Anne. Pardon, good father! — good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fenton. You do amaze her; hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title,
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd; here is no remedy.
In love the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Falstaff. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? — Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

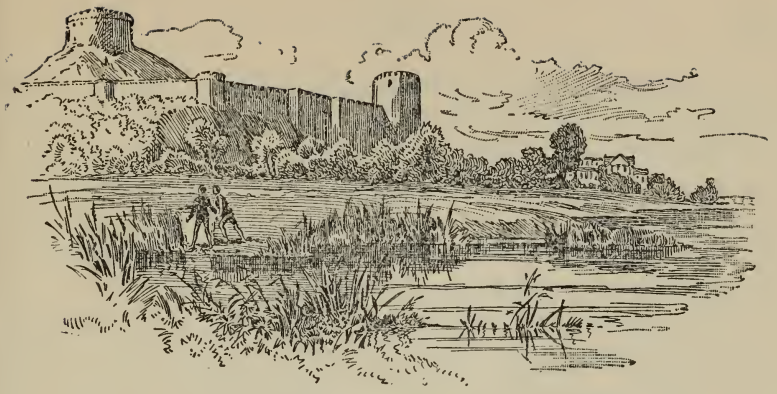
Falstaff. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. — Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days! —
Good husband, let us every one go home
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire, —
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so. — Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES



DATCHET MEAD

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

THE METRE OF THE PLAY. — It should be understood at the outset that *metre*, or the mechanism of verse, is something altogether distinct from the *music* of verse. The one is matter of rule, the other of taste and feeling. Music is not an absolute necessity of verse ; the metrical form is a necessity, being that which constitutes the verse.

The plays of Shakespeare (with the exception of rhymed passages, and of occasional songs and interludes) are all in unrhymed or *blank* verse ; and the normal form of this blank verse is illustrated by iii. 4. 1 of the present play : "I see I cannot get thy father's love."

This line, it will be seen, consists of ten syllables, with the even syllables (2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th) accented, the odd syllables (1st, 3d, etc.) being unaccented. Theoretically, it is made up of five *feet* of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable. Such a foot is called an *iambus* (plural, *iambuses*, or the Latin *iambi*), and the form of verse is called *iambic*.

This fundamental law of Shakespeare's verse is subject to certain modifications, the most important of which are as follows: —

1. After the tenth syllable an unaccented syllable (or even two such syllables) may be added, forming what is sometimes called a *female* line; as in iii. 4. 15: "Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value." The rhythm is complete with the first syllable of *value*, the second being an extra eleventh syllable.

2. The accent in any part of the verse may be shifted from an even to an odd syllable; as in iii. 4. 21: "Cannot attain it, why then, — hark you hither!" and 79: "Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton." In both lines (female lines) the accent is shifted from the second to the first syllable. This change occurs very rarely in the tenth syllable, and seldom in the fourth; and it is not allowable in two successive accented syllables.

3. An extra unaccented syllable may occur in any part of the line; as in iii. 4. 5, 13, and 87. In 5 the second syllable of *being* is superfluous; in 13 the last syllable of *albeit;* and in 87 the word *a*.

4. Any unaccented syllable, occurring in an even place immediately before or after an even syllable which is properly accented, is reckoned as accented for the purposes of the verse; as, for instance, in iii. 4. 9 and 10. In 9 the last syllable of *impossible*, and in 10 that of *property*, are metrically equivalent to accented syllables.

5. In many instances in Shakespeare words must be *lengthened* in order to fill out the rhythm: —

(*a*) In a large class of words in which *e* or *i* is followed by another vowel, the *e* or *i* is made a separate syllable; as *ocean*, *opinion*, *soldier*, *patience*, *partial*, *marriage*, etc. For instance, in this play, iii. 4. 74 ("Nay, Master Page, be not impatient") appears to have only nine syllables, but *impatient* is a quadrisyllable; and the same is true of *submission* in iv. 4. 11: "Be not as extreme in submission." This lengthening occurs most frequently at the end of the line.

(*b*) Many monosyllables ending in *r*, *re*, *rs*, *res*, preceded by a

long vowel or diphthong, are often made dissyllables; as *fare* (see on iii. 4. 97), *fear*, *dear*, *fire*, *hair*, *hour*, *more*, *your*, etc. If the word is repeated in a verse it is often both monosyllable and dissyllable; as in *J. C.* iii. 1. 172: "As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity," where the first *fire* is a dissyllable.

(*c*) Words containing *l* or *r*, preceded by another consonant, are often pronounced as if a vowel came between or after the consonants; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 158: "While she did call me rascal fiddler" [fiddl(e)er]; *All's Well*, iii. 5. 43: "If you will tarry, holy pilgrim" [pilg(e)rim]; *C. of E.* v. 1. 360: "These are the parents of these children" (childeren, the original form of the word); *W. T.* iv. 4. 76: "Grace and remembrance [rememb(e)rance] be to you both!" etc.

(*d*) Monosyllabic exclamations (*ay*, *O*, *yea*, *nay*, *hail*, etc.) and monosyllables otherwise emphasized are similarly lengthened; also certain longer words; as *safety* (trisyllable) in *Ham.* i. 3. 21; *business* (trisyllable, as originally pronounced) in *J. C.* iv. 1. 22: "To groan and sweat under the business" (so in several other passages); and other words mentioned in the notes to the plays in which they occur.

6. Words are also *contracted* for metrical reasons, like plurals and possessives ending in a sibilant, as *balance*, *horse* (for *horses* and *horse's*), *princess*, *sense*, *marriage* (plural and possessive), etc. So with many adjectives in the superlative (like *cold'st*, *stern'st*, *kind'st*, *secret'st*, etc.), and certain other words.

7. The *accent* of words is also varied in many instances for metrical reasons. Thus we find both *révenue* and *revénue* in the first scene of the *M. N. D.* (line 6 and 158), *éxtreme* (see on iv. 4. 11) and *extrême*, *cóntrary* and *contrárry*, *púrsue* and *pursúe*, etc.

These instances of variable accent must not be confounded with those in which words were uniformly accented differently in the time of Shakespeare; like *aspéct*, *impórtune*, *sepúlchre* (verb), *perséver* (never *persevére*), *perséverance*, *rheúmatic*, etc.

8. *Alexandrines*, or verses of twelve syllables, with six accents,

occur here and there in the plays. They must not be confounded with female lines with two extra syllables (see on 1 above) or with other lines in which two extra unaccented syllables may occur.

9. *Incomplete* verses, of one or more syllables, are scattered through the plays. See iii. 4. 11, 76, 90, 96, etc.

10. *Doggerel* measure is used in the very earliest comedies (*L. L. L.* and *C. of E.* in particular) in the mouths of comic characters, but nowhere else in those plays, and never anywhere in plays written after 1598. There is none in the present play.

11. *Rhyme* occurs frequently in the early plays, but diminishes with comparative regularity from that period until the latest. Thus, in *L. L. L.* there are about 1100 rhyming verses (about one-third of the whole number), in *M. N. D.* about 900, in *Rich. II.* and *R. and J.* about 500 each, while in *Cor.* and *A. and C.* there are only about 40 each, in *Temp.* only two, and in *W. T.* none at all, except in the chorus introducing act iv. Songs, interludes, and other matter not in ten-syllable measure are not included in this enumeration. In the present play (which is mostly in prose), out of about 275 ten-syllable verses, only sixty-five are in rhyme.

Alternate rhymes are found only in the plays written before 1599 or 1600. In *M. of V.* there are only four lines at the end of iii. 2. In *Much Ado* and *A. Y. L.* we also find a few lines, but none at all in subsequent plays.

Rhymed couplets, or "rhyme-tags," are often found at the end of scenes; as in 3 of the 23 scenes of the present play. In *Ham.* 14 out of 20 scenes, and in *Macb.* 21 out of 28, have such "tags;" but in the latest plays they are not so frequent. In *Temp.*, for instance, there is but one, and in *W. T.* none.

12. In this edition of Shakespeare, the final *-ed* of past tenses and participles *in verse* is printed *-'d* when the word is to be pronounced in the ordinary way; as in *gall'd* (iii. 4. 5) and *dispos'd* (iii. 4. 73). But when the metre requires that the *-ed* be made a separate syllable, the *e* is retained; as in *sealed* (iii. 4. 16), where the word is a dissyllable. The only variation from this rule

is in verbs like *cry*, *die*, *sue*, etc., the *-ed* of which is very rarely, if ever, made a separate syllable.

Shakespeare's Use of Verse and Prose in the Plays. — This is a subject to which the critics have given very little attention, but it is an interesting study. In this play we find scenes entirely in verse or in prose, and in which the two are mixed. In general, we may say that verse is used for what is distinctly poetical, and prose for what is not poetical. The distinction, however, is not so clearly marked in the earlier as in the later plays. The second scene of *M. of V.*, for instance, is in prose, because Portia and Nerissa are talking about the suitors in a familiar and playful way; but in *T. G. of V.*, where Julia and Lucetta are discussing the suitors of the former in much the same fashion, the scene is in verse. Dowden, commenting on *Rich. II.*, remarks: "Had Shakespeare written the play a few years later, we may be certain that the gardener and his servants (iii. 4) would not have uttered stately speeches in verse, but would have spoken homely prose, and that humour would have mingled with the pathos of the scene. The same remark may be made with reference to the subsequent scene (v. 5) in which his groom visits the dethroned king in the Tower." Comic characters and those in low life generally speak in prose in the later plays, as Dowden intimates, but in the very earliest ones doggerel verse is much used instead. See on 10 above.

The change from prose to verse is well illustrated in the third scene of *M. of V.* It begins with plain prosaic talk about a business matter; but when Antonio enters, it rises at once to the higher level of poetry. The sight of Antonio reminds Shylock of his hatred of the Merchant, and the passion expresses itself in verse, the vernacular tongue of poetry.

The reasons for the choice of prose or verse are not always so clear as in this instance. We are seldom puzzled to explain the prose, but not unfrequently we meet with verse where we might expect prose. As Professor Corson remarks (*Introduction to Shake-*

speare, 1889), "Shakespeare adopted verse as the general tenor of his language, and therefore expressed much in verse that is within the capabilities of prose; in other words, his verse constantly encroaches upon the domain of prose, but his prose can never be said to encroach upon the domain of verse." If in rare instances we think we find exceptions to this latter statement, and prose actually seems to usurp the place of verse, I believe that careful study of the passage will prove the supposed exception to be apparent rather than real.

Some Books for Teachers and Students. — A few out of the many books that might be commended to the teacher and the critical student are the following: Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (7th ed. 1887); Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* (1898; for ordinary students the abridged ed. of 1899 is preferable); Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* (3d ed. 1902); Littledale's ed. of Dyce's *Glossary* (1902); Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare* (1895); Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (1873); Furness's "New Variorum" ed. of the plays (encyclopædic and exhaustive); Dowden's *Shakspere: His Mind and Art* (American ed. 1881); Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare* (revised ed. 1882); Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women* (several eds.; some with the title *Shakespeare Heroines*); Ten Brink's *Five Lectures on Shakespeare* (1895); Boas's *Shakespeare and His Predecessors* (1895); Dyer's *Folk-lore of Shakespeare* (American ed. 1884); Gervinus's *Shakespeare Commentaries* (Bunnett's translation, 1875); Wordsworth's *Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Bible* (3d ed. 1880); Elson's *Shakespeare in Music* (1901); Rolfe's *Life of Shakespeare* (1904).

Some of the above books will be useful to all readers who are interested in special subjects or in general criticism of Shakespeare. Among those which are better suited to the needs of ordinary readers and students, the following may be mentioned: Mabie's *William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man* (1900); Dowden's *Shakspere Primer* (1877; small but invaluable); Rolfe's

Shakespeare the Boy (1896; treating of the home and school life, the games and sports, the manners, customs, and folk-lore of the poet's time); Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome* (for young students who may need information on mythological allusions not explained in the notes).

H. Snowden Ward's *Shakespeare's Town and Times* (2d ed. 1902) and John Leyland's *Shakespeare Country* (2d ed. 1903) are copiously illustrated books (yet inexpensive) which may be particularly commended for school libraries.

ABBREVIATIONS IN THE NOTES. — The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

Other abbreviations that hardly need explanation are *Cf.* (*confer*, compare), *Fol.* (following), *Id.* (*idem*, the same), and *Prol.* (prologue). The numbers of the lines in the references (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" edition (the cheapest and best edition of *Shakespeare* in one compact volume), which is now generally accepted as the standard for line-numbers in works of reference (Schmidt's *Lexicon*, Abbott's *Grammar*, Dowden's *Primer*, the publications of the New Shakspere Society, etc.).

ACT I

SCENE I. — 1. *Sir Hugh.* The title *Sir* was formerly applied to priests and curates in general. "*Dominus*, the academical title of a bachelor of arts, was usually rendered by *Sir* in English at the universities; therefore, as most clerical persons had taken that first degree, it became usual to style them *Sir*" (Nares). Cf. "Sir Topas" in *T. N.* iv. 2. 2, etc. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes the Register of Burials at Cheltenham: "1574, August xxxi, Sir John Evans, curate of Cheltenham, buried."

2. *A Star-chamber matter.* Steevens quotes Jonson, *Magnetic Lady*, iii. 4: —

> "There is a court above, of the Star-chamber,
> To punish routs and riots."

See also Sir John Harrington's *Epigrams*, 1618: —

> "No marvel men of such a sumptuous dyet
> Were brought into the Star-Chamber for a ryot."

6. *Coram.* This word and *armigero* (the ablative case of *armiger*, bearer of arms, or esquire) occur in the form for attestations which Slender had seen; wherein his cousin's name would thus appear: "Coram me Roberto Shallow armigero," etc. Slender also confuses the word with *Quorum* (Clarke).

7. *Custalorum.* Probably a corruption of *custos rotulorum*, keeper of the rolls. *Ratolorum* seems also to have been suggested by *rotulorum*. Farmer conjectured that Slender says "and *custos*," and that Shallow adds "Ay, and *rotulorum* too;" but the old reading, with its muddling of the Latin terms, is in keeping with the characters.

12. *That I do*, etc. Farmer conjectured "we" for *I;* but Shallow speaks for "his successors gone before him" as well as himself.

16. *Luces.* Pikes. The fish figured in the coat-of-arms of the Lucy family, and there is quite certainly a hit here at Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, associated with the tradition of the poet's youthful poaching exploits. Evans takes the word to refer to another animal, which "signifies love," Boswell tells us, "because it does not desert man in distress, but rather sticks more close to him in his adversity."

22. *The luce is the fresh fish*, etc. An inexplicable passage. Farmer transfers "the salt fish," etc., to Evans, and says: "Shallow had said just before that the coat is an old one; and now that it is the luce, the fresh fish. No, replies the parson, it cannot be *old* and fresh too — the *salt fish* is an *old* coat."

24. *Quarter.* A term in heraldry for combining the arms of

another family with one's own by placing them in one of the four compartments of the shield. This, as Shallow intimates, was often done by marriage.

26. *Marring.* There is an obvious play on *marrying;* as in *A. W.* ii. 3. 315: "A young man married is a man that 's marr'd."

28. *Py'r lady.* The folios print "per-lady." They do not make Evans's "brogue" consistent throughout, and the modern editors generally have not attempted to do it. Probably, as Capell says of Fluellen in *Hen. V.*, "the poet thought it sufficient to mark his diction a little, and in some places only."

33. *Compremises.* Changed by Pope to "compromises," but the blunder is probably intentional.

35. *The council.* That is, "the court of *Star-chamber*, composed chiefly of the king's council sitting *in Camera stellata*, which took cognizance of atrocious riots" (Blackstone). Cf. 2 above.

39. *Vizaments.* That is, *advisements* (= consideration), a common word then, though not used by S. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 5. 13: "Tempring the passion with advizement slow," etc.

46. *George.* The folios have "Thomas" here, but *George* in ii. 1. 146, 154, and v. 5. 207. The correction is due to Theobald.

47. *Mistress Anne Page. Mistress* was the title of unmarried women down to the beginning of the 18th century. A MS. dated 1716 refers to "Mistress Elizabeth Seignoret, spinster." De Foe uses the term in this way in *The Fortunes of Moll Flanders*, 1722.

48. *Speaks small.* Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 2. 52: "you may speak as small as you will," etc.

54. *Motion.* Move, plan. Cf. 212 below.

55. *Pribbles and prabbles. Pribbles* is a word of the Welshman's own coining. For *prabbles* (= *brabbles*, quarrels, as in *T. N.* v. 1. 68: "In private brabble," etc.), cf. Fluellen's "prawls and prabbles" in *Hen. V.* iv. 8. 69.

57. *Did her grandsire*, etc. The folios give this speech and the next but one to Slender, but the context clearly favours Capell's transfer of them to Shallow, and the emendation is generally

adopted. Verplanck, however, remarks: "though they suit Shallow very well, yet it seems a more natural touch of humour to make Slender, so negatively indifferent to all other matters, struck with admiration at the legacy."

63. *Possibilities.* Halliwell-Phillipps takes this to be = "possessions." A MS. in Dulwich College (of about the year 1610) reads: "if we geete the fathers good will first, then may we bolder spake to the datter, for my possebeletis is abel to manteyne her." In the present passage, however, the word may refer to what she is likely to receive from her father.

88. *Fallow.* Pale yellow; the only instance of this sense in S. He uses the adjective (= untilled) again in *Hen. V.* v. 2. 44.

89. *On Cotsall.* That is, on the Cotswold downs in Gloucestershire, celebrated for coursing, for which their fine turf fitted them, and also for other rural sports. The allusion is not in the first sketch of the play, and is one of the little points indicating that it was not revised until after the accession of James, in the beginning of whose reign the Cotswold games were revived. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 9 and 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 23.

92. *Fault.* Explained by Malone and Schmidt as = misfortune, bad luck; as perhaps in iii. 3. 220 below. Schmidt compares *Per.* iv. 2. 79.

113. *But not kissed your keeper's daughter?* Some of the critics suppose this to be a quotation from an old ballad. Sir Walter Scott, in *Kenilworth*, suggests that it was part of the charge made against S. by Sir Thomas Lucy.

119. *In counsel.* Kept secret; with possibly a play on *counsel* = secrecy. Malone quotes Howel's *Proverbial Sentences:* "Mum is counsell, viz. silence."

121. *Worts?* "The ancient name of all the cabbage kind" (Steevens). Cf. the modern *colewort.* Baret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, defines *worts* as "all kind of hearbes that serve for the potte."

124. *Cony-catching.* Thieving, cheating. Cf. i. 3. 32 below,

and *T. of S.* v. 1. 102: "Take heed lest you be cony-catched in this business." Robert Greene published a pamphlet exposing the "Frauds and Tricks of Coney-catchers and Couzeners."

125. *They carried me . . . my pockets.* This is not found in the folio, but was supplied by Malone from the 1st quarto. That it belongs here is evident from 151 below.

128. *You Banbury cheese!* A hit at the thinness of Slender, Banbury cheese being proverbially thin. Steevens quotes *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601: "Put off your cloathes, and you are like a Banbury cheese — nothing but paring;" and Heywood, *Epigrams:* —

> "I never saw Banbury cheese thick enough,
> But I have oft seen Essex cheese quick enough."

Camden, in his *Britannia*, speaks of Banbury as "nunc autem conficiendo caseo notissimum." Holland, in his translation, 1610, renders this: "Now the fame of this towne is for zeale, cheese, and cakes." There is a story that Holland wrote "ale" instead of "zeale," and that Camden, happening to see it as the sheet was going through the press, and thinking the expression too light, made the change; but Camden himself contradicted this and said that "zeale" was inserted by the compositor or printer.

130. *Mephostophilus.* The *Mephistopheles* of the legend of Faust, to which there is another allusion in iv. 5. 70 below. There are contemporaneous examples of the use of the word as a term of abuse.

132. *Pauca, pauca!* That is, *pauca verba* (few words), as in 110 above. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 83 (Pistol's speech): "and, pauca; there 's enough." *Slice* is probably a slang verb = cut (either in the sense of "cut and run," be off, as Clarke explains, or of cutting with a sword, as others make it); but Schmidt takes it to be a noun, and another hit at the thin Slender.

That's my humour. The word *humour* was worn threadbare in the fashionable talk of the time, as is evident from many allusions

and satirical hits in contemporary literature. Steevens quotes the following epigram from *Humours Ordinarie*, 1607: —

> "Aske HUMOURS what a feather he doth weare,
> It is his *humour* (by the Lord) he 'll sweare;
> Or what he doth with such a horse-taile locke,
> Or why upon a whore he spends his stocke, —
> He hath a *humour* doth determine so:
> Why in the stop-throte fashion he doth goe,
> With scarfe about his necke, hat without band, —
> It is his *humour*. Sweet Sir, understand,
> What cause his purse is so extreme distrest
> That oftentimes is scarcely penny-blest;
> Only a *humour*. If you question, why
> His tongue is ne'er unfurnish'd with a lye, —
> It is his *humour* too he doth protest:
> Or why with sergeants he is so opprest,
> That like to ghosts they haunt him ev'rie day;
> A rascal *humour* doth refuse to pay.
> Object why bootes and spurres are still in season,
> His *humour* answers, *humour* is his reason.
> If you perceive his wits in wetting shrunke,
> It cometh of a *humour* to be drunke.
> When you behold his lookes pale, thin, and poore,
> The occasion is, his *humour* and a whoore:
> And every thing that he doth undertake,
> It is a veine, for senseless *humour's* sake."

149. *The tevil and his tam!* We have several allusions to "the devil's dam" in S. Cf. iv. 5. 108 below.

150. *It is affectations.* Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesie*, 1589, gives it as an example of "pleonasmus," or "too full speech" — "as if one should say, I heard it with mine eares, and saw it with mine eyes, as if a man could heare with his heeles, or see with his nose." Some of the critics have taken the trouble to point out that it is a Scriptural expression.

154. *Great chamber.* Hall, saloon. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 58:

"Leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in;" and *R. and J.* i. 5. 14: "You are looked for . . . in the great chamber."

155. *Mill-sixpences.* Old English coin, first *milled*, or coined, in 1561. The *groat* was fourpence; and making *seven groats* in *sixpences* is of course an intentional blunder.

Edward shovel-boards were the broad shillings of Edward VI., which were generally used in playing the game of *shovel-board* or *shove-board.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 206: "Quoit him down . . . like a shove-groat shilling." Nares remarks that the *wisdom* of Slender is shown by his paying "two shillings and twopence" for a *smooth* or well-worn shilling; but it is possible that these old *shovel-boards* commanded a premium on account of being in demand for the game. We find allusions to their being carefully kept for this purpose. An old shovel-board was long preserved at the Falcon inn at Stratford (I believe it is the one now shown in the house at New Place), which tradition says was used by S. himself.

157. *Yead.* An old contraction of *Yedward* (see 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 149) = *Edward.*

161. *Latten bilbo. Latten* was a soft alloy of copper and zinc; and *bilbo* was a name applied to a sword, from Bilboa in Spain, a place famous for its blades. Cf. iii. 5. 110 below: "like a good bilbo." *Latten bilbo* is a hit at Slender's cowardice, implying that he was as weak and edgeless as a blade of *latten;* with possibly the added idea that he was as thin as a sword-blade.

162. *In thy labras.* Literally, in thy lips; an expression like "in thy teeth," "in thy face," etc. The 1st quarto reads here:—

> "*Pistol.* Sir *Iohn*, and Maister mine, I combat craue
> Of this same laten bilbo. I do retort the lie
> Euen in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge."

Labras is a corruption of *labios*, the Spanish for lips; perhaps suggested by *palabras*, for which see *Much Ado*, iii. 5. 18.

165. *Be avised.* Be advised = listen to reason. Cf. i. 4. 100 below.

166. *Marry trap.* Johnson says: "When a man was caught in his own stratagem, I suppose the exclamation of insult was *marry, trap!*" Nares remarks that it is "apparently a kind of proverbial exclamation, as much as to say, 'By Mary, you are caught!' . . . but the phrase wants further illustration." No other instance of it has been pointed out, and the meaning can be only guessed at. *Marry* was originally a mode of swearing by the Virgin Mary, but this had doubtless come to be forgotten in the time of S.

Nut-hook was "a term of reproach for a *catch-pole*" (Johnson). Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 8: "Nuthook, nuthook, you lie!" Steevens makes *if you run the nuthook's humour on me* = "if you say I am a thief;" that is, as a constable might.

172. *Scarlet and John.* "The names of two of Robin Hood's men; but the humour consists in the allusion to Bardolph's *red face*" (Warburton). Cf. the ballad of *Robin Hood's Delight:*—

> "But I will tell you of Will Scarlet,
> Little John and Robin Hood."

177. *Fap.* A cant term for *drunk.* Some have attempted to derive it from the Latin *vappa*, and have assumed that Slender recognized it as Latin; but the origin of the word is uncertain. That Slender should take Bardolph's fantastic dialect for Latin is a humorous touch which the dullest of critics ought to appreciate.

178. *Conclusions passed the careers.* This bit of boozy rhodomontade has been "Greek" to the commentators, as it was *Latin* to Slender, and they have worried much over the interpretation of it. Johnson says it "means that *the common bounds of good behaviour are overpassed,*" which is very like Bardolph! *To pass the career*, according to Douce, was, like *running a career*, a technical term for "galloping a horse violently backwards and forwards, stopping him suddenly at the end of the *career.*" Malone and Schmidt think that Bardolph means to say, "and so in the end he reeled about like a horse passing a career." Clarke suggests that the idea is, "and their words ran high, at full gallop." Slender did

not understand it; and Daniel says "it was not meant to be understood by him or anybody else."

197. *Book of Songs and Sonnets.* "He probably means the Poems of Lord Surrey and others, which were very popular in the age of Queen Elizabeth. They were printed in 1567 with this title: '*Songes and Sonnettes*, written by the Right Honourable Lord Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey, and others.' Slender laments that he has not this fashionable book about him, supposing it might assist him in paying his addresses to Anne Page" (Malone).

199. The *Book of Riddles* was another popular book. Reed says it is enumerated with others in *The English Courtier, and Country Gentleman*, 1586. Halliwell-Phillipps gives a facsimile of the title-page of one edition, which reads thus: "The | Booke of | Meery. | Riddles. | Together with proper Que- | stions, and witty Prouerbs to | make pleasant pastime, | No lesse vsefull than behoouefull | for any yong man or child, to know if | he bee quick-witted, or no. | London, | Printed by T. C. for *Michael Sparke*, | dwelling in *Greene-Arbor*, at the | signe of the blue Bible, | 1629." He quotes many of the riddles, and I copy a few of the shortest as samples: —

"*The* li. *Riddle.* — My lovers will
I am content for to fulfill;
Within this rime his name is framed;
Tell me then how he is named?

Solution. — His name is William; for in the first line is *will*, and in the beginning of the second line is *I am*, and then put them both together, and it maketh *William*.

The liv. *Riddle.* — How many calves tailes will reach to the skye? *Solution.* — One, if it be long enough.

The lxv. *Riddle.* — What is that, round as a ball,
Longer than Pauls steeple, weather-cocke, and all?

Solution. — It is a round bottome of thred when it is unwound.

The lxvii. *Riddle.* — What is that, that goeth thorow the wood, and toucheth never a twig? *Solution.* — It is the blast of a horne, or any other noyse."

For *bottom* = ball of thread, see *T. of S.* iv. 3. 138. It will be noted that the book was printed by Thomas Creede, who printed the 1st quarto of *M. W.* See p. 10 above.

203. *Michaelmas.* As *All-hallowmas* is almost five weeks *after* Michaelmas, Theobald changed this to "Martlemas." He says: "The simplest creatures (nay, even naturals) generally are very precise in the knowledge of festivals, and marking how the seasons run." This is true; but the blunder here may nevertheless be intentional.

212. *Motions.* Proposals. Cf. 54 above.

217. *Simple though I stand here.* A common phrase of the time, of which many examples might be given; as from *The Returne from Parnassus*, 1606: "I am Stercutio, his father, sir, simple as I stand here."

228. *Parcel of the mouth.* That is, part of it; as in the phrase "part and parcel." This sense of *parcel* is common in S. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 159: "Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow," etc.; *Cor.* iv. 5. 231: "A parcel of their feast."

249. *Contempt.* The folios have "content;" but Theobald was probably right in seeing here a blundering use of the familiar proverb. As Steevens points out, we have a similar misuse of *contempt* in *L. L. L.* i. 1. 191: "Sir, the contempts thereof [that is, of the letter] are as touching me."

251. *Fall.* Used by Evans for *fault.*

267. *Attends.* Waits for; as in *Rich. II.* i. 3. 116: "Attending but the signal to begin," etc.

271. *Beholding.* "Beholden" (Pope's reading, but a word never used by S.). Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 106, *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 60, etc.

282. *A master of fence.* According to an old MS. in the British Museum, there were three degrees in the "noble science of defence," namely, a master's, a provost's, and a scholar's (Steevens). A *veney* (also spelt *venew*, *venue*, etc.) was a thrust or hit in fencing. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 62: "a quick venue of wit." Here the *dish of stewed prunes* was the wager which was to be paid by him

who received three hits. Malone quotes Bullokar, *English Expositor*, 1616: "*Venie.* A touch in the body at playing with weapons;" and Florio, *Ital. Dict.* 1598: "*Tocco.* A touch or feeling. Also a venie at fence; a hit." The word came also to mean a bout or turn at fencing.

291. *That's meat and drink to me.* A popular phrase that has come down to our day. Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 1. 11: "It is meat and drink to me to see a clown."

292. *Sackerson.* A famous bear exhibited at Paris Garden (see *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 2) in Southwark. Malone quotes an old epigram: —

> "Publius, a student of the common law,
> To Paris-garden doth himself withdraw;
> Leaving old Ployden, Dyer, and Broke, alone,
> To see old Harry Hunkes and Sacarson."

For the bear to get loose was a serious matter. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes Machyn's *Diary* for 1554: "The sam day at after-non was a bere-beytyn on the Bankesyde, and ther the grette blynd bere broke losse, and in ronnyng away he chakt a servyngman by the calff of the lege, and bytt a gret pesse away, . . . that with-in iij days after he ded."

295. *Passed.* That is, passed description. Cf. iv. 2. 123 below: "This passes." See also *T. and C.* i. 2. 182: "all the rest so laughed that it passed." Boswell quotes *The Maid of the Mill:* —

> "Come, follow me, you country lasses,
> And you shall see such sport as passes."

300. *By cock and pie.* A petty oath of the time, occurring again in 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 1. Its origin is matter of dispute.

Scene II. — 13. *Seese.* The folios have "cheese;" corrected by Dyce. See on i. 1. 28 above. Cf. v. 5. 145 below.

Scene III. — 2. *Bully-rook?* A favourite epithet with mine host, and, as used by him, equivalent to plain *bully*. It was some-

times a term of reproach (= "a hectoring, cheating sharper," as an old dictionary, quoted by Douce, defines it), and was often spelt "bully-rock," as in some of the modern eds. of S.

7. *I sit at ten pounds a week.* My expenses are ten pounds a week. Cf. *The Man in the Moone*, etc., 1609: "they sit at an unmerciful rent."

8. *Keisar.* Another form of *Cæsar*, added like *Pheezar* (a word of the host's own coining, perhaps suggested by *pheeze*, for which see *T. of S.* ind. 1. 1, and *T. and C.* ii. 3. 215) for the sake of the rhyme.

9. *Entertain.* Take into service; as in 53 below. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 60: "entertained for a perfumer," etc.

13. *Froth and lime. Frothing* beer and *liming* sack, or putting lime in it (see 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 137), were tapster's tricks in the time of S. The *frothing* is said to have been done by putting soap into the bottom of the tankard when the beer was drawn. Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter* says that the trick can be thwarted if the customer will watch his opportunity and rub the inside of the tankard with the skin of a red herring.

20. *Hungarian.* The reading of the folios. The quartos have "Gongarian." *Hungarian* was a cant term for "a *hungry*, starved fellow." So says Malone, who cites Hall, *Satires*, iv. 2: —

> "So sharp and meager that who should them see
> Would sweare they lately came from Hungary."

Steevens quotes, among other illustrations of the word, Dekker, *News from Hell*, 1606: "the lean-jawed Hungarian would not lay out a penny pot of sack for himself."

22. *Conceited.* Fanciful, ingenious.

26. *At a minim's rest.* The folios have "minutes," but the preceding reference to music favours Langton's conjecture of *minim's*, which is adopted by many of the editors. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 22: "rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom."

28. *Convey.* A cant term for *steal.* Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 317, *Cymb.* i. 1. 63, etc.

A fico for the phrase! That is, a fig for it. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 60: "and figo for thy friendship!" *Fico* is the Italian, as *figo* is the Spanish, for *fig.*

31. *Kibes.* Chaps or sores in the heel. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 276, *Ham.* v. 1. 153, and *Lear,* i. 5. 9. For *cony-catch,* see on i. 1. 124 above.

34. *Young ravens must have food.* A proverb in Ray's collection.

42. *Waste.* Steevens remarks that the same play upon *waste* and *waist* is found in Heywood's *Epigrams,* 1562: —

> "Where am I least, husband? quoth he, in the waist;
> Which cometh of this, thou art vengeance strait lac'd.
> Where am I biggest, wife? in the waste, quote she,
> For all is waste in you, as far as I see."

He might have added that we find it again in Falstaff's own mouth, in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 160: —

"*Chief-justice.* Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.
Falstaff. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slender."

44. *Carves.* To *carve* for a person was considered a mark of favour or affection, as is evident from *C. of E.* ii. 2. 120, etc.; but other allusions to *carving* in writers of the time show that the word also meant certain gestures expressing recognition and favour. Dyce quotes Day's *Ile of Gulls,* 1606: "Her amorous glances are her accusers; . . . she carves thee at boord, and cannot sleepe for dreaming on thee in bedde." White adds, from Overbury, *A Very Woman:* "Her lightnesse gets her to swim at the top of the table, where her wrie little finger bewraies carving; her neighbours at the latter end know they are welcome," etc. See also Littleton's *Latin-English Lexicon,* 1675: "A carver: chironomus;" "Chironomus: one that useth apish motions with his hands;" "Chironomia: a

kind of gesture with the hands, either in dancing, carving of meat, or pleading." This is probably the meaning of the word here.

46. *The hardest voice.* The most difficult utterance, or expression.

48. *Well . . . ill.* The conjecture of the Cambridge editors. The folios have "will . . . will;" and the quartos *well*, omitting what follows.

50. *Anchor.* Johnson could not see "what relation the *anchor* has to *translation;*" but as Malone suggests, Nym probably means nothing more than that "the scheme for debauching Ford's wife is deep."

52. *Angels.* The *angel* was an English gold coin, worth about ten shillings. It took its name from having on one side a figure of Michael piercing the dragon. The device is said to have originated in Pope Gregory's pun on *Angli* and *Angeli*, and it gave rise to many puns. See *C. of E.* iv. 3. 41, *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 35, *M. of V.* ii. 7. 56, and 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 187.

GOLDEN ANGEL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

53. *Entertain.* Take into your service. See on 9 above.

57. *Writ me.* The *me* is the "ethical dative," so called. Cf. *you* in ii. 1. 221 below.

60. *Œillades.* Amorous glances; as in *Lear*, iv. 5. 25: —

> "She gave strange œillades and most speaking looks
> To noble Edmund."

The spelling of the word in the folios is "illiads."

62. *Then did the sun on dunghill shine.* Holt White quotes Lyly, *Euphues:* "The sun shineth upon the dunghill."

65. *Intention.* Probably here = intentness, or intensity.

68. *Guiana.* The only allusion to the country in S. Sir Walter Raleigh had returned in 1596 from his expedition to South America and had published glowing accounts of the great wealth of Guiana in his book entitled "The Discoverie of the Large, Rich, and Bewtiful Empyre of Guiana, with a relation of the great and golden Citie of Manoa, which the Spanyards call El Dorado," etc. But long before this, in 1569, John Hawkins had published the account of his voyage to "the Parties of Guynea and the West Indies."

69. *Cheater.* Escheator; an officer of the exchequer, whose duty it was to collect forfeitures to the crown. *Cheater* was the vulgar corruption of the name. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 111.

74. *Sir Pandarus of Troy.* The archetype of *pandars* and pimps. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 1. 48, etc.

77. *Haviour.* Equivalent to *behaviour*, but not a contraction of that word.

78. *Tightly.* "Cleverly, adroitly" (Malone); as in ii 3. 65 below. Cf. the adjective in *A. and C.* iv. 4. 15.

79. *Pinnace.* A small vessel, chiefly used, according to Rolt's *Dict. of Commerce*, "as a *scout* for intelligence, and for landing of men" (Malone).

83. *French thrift*, etc. "Falstaff says he shall imitate an economy then practised in France of making a single page serve in lieu of a train of attendants" (Clarke).

84. *Guts!* Not so offensive a word in olden times as now. Cf. ii. 1. 30 below, *Ham.* iii. 4. 112, etc.

Gourds were a kind of false dice, probably with a secret cavity in them, and *fullams* such as had been loaded. *High men* and *low men* were cant terms for high and low numbers on dice (Malone). Steevens quotes Dekker's *Belman of London*, where among the false dice are mentioned "a bale of fullams" and "a bale of gordes, with as many high-men as low-men for passage."

86. *Tester.* Sixpence. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 296, the only other instance of the word in S.; but the verb *testern* (to give a *tester*) occurs in *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 153.

92. *To Page.* The folio has "to Ford" and "to Page" in the next line; corrected by Steevens from the 1st quarto. That the latter is right is evident from ii. 1. 108 fol. below.

99. *Yellowness* is changed by Pope to "jealousies;" but as Johnson notes, "*yellowness* is jealousy." Cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 107: "no yellow in it." *The revolt of mine* is apparently Nym's "humour" for *my revolt;* but the commentators have changed it in various ways to make it less fantastical.

SCENE IV. — 4. *An old abusing.* For this colloquial use of *old* as a mere intensive, cf. *Macb.* ii. 3. 2: "old turning of the key;" *M. of V.* iv. 2. 15: "old swearing," etc.

7. *Soon at night.* "This very night" (Schmidt); as in ii. 2. 285, 288 below. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 88, 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 96, etc.

A *posset,* according to Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Armourie,* 1688 (quoted by Malone in note on *Macb.* ii. 2. 6), is "hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients, boiled in it, which goes all to a curd." This explains why the posset is often spoken of as *eaten;* as in v. 5. 175 below.

8. *At the latter end of a sea-coal fire.* "That is, when my master is in bed" (Johnson).

11. *Breed-bate.* Breeder of dispute or strife. Cf. *bate-breeding* in *V. and A.* 655: "This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy." See also 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 271: "and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories."

13. *Peevish.* Silly, childish; the ordinary if not the only meaning in S.

21. *Cain-coloured.* That is, like the colour of Cain's beard and hair in the old pictures; yellowish, or, according to some, reddish.

Pope reads "cane-coloured," that is, yellowish like cane, which is perhaps favoured by the "kane" (twice) in the quarto.

23. *Softly-sprighted.* Gentle-spirited. Cf. *spright* = spirit, in *V. and A.* 181, *R. of L.* 121, *Macb.* iv. 1. 127, etc. *Spirit* is often a monosyllable in S.; as in *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 1, *Ham.* i. 1. 161, etc.

24. *As tall a man of his hands.* As able-bodied a man. Cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 178: "thou art a tall fellow of thy hands." *Tall* was often = stout, sturdy; as in ii. 1. 225 and ii. 2. 10 below.

26. *A warrener.* A keeper of a *warren*, or enclosure for birds or beasts, especially rabbits. S. has the word only here, and *warren* only in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 322: "a lodge in a warren."

36. *Shent.* Rated, scolded; as in *T. N.* iv. 2. 112: "I am shent for speaking to you," etc.

40. *Doubt.* Suspect, fear; as often. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 256: "I doubt some foul play," etc.

42. *And down, down*, etc. "To deceive her master, she sings as if at her work" (Sir John Hawkins).

44. *Un boitier vert.* The folio has *unboyteane vert.* Daniel reads "une boitine verde," taking the box to be a case for instruments, etc., too large for the pocket; but cf. what Caius says in 53.

49. *Horn-mad.* Mad as an angry bull; mostly used of a cuckold. See iii. 5. 151 below, and cf. *C. of E.* ii. 1. 57: —

"*Dromio of E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.
Adriana. Horn-mad, thou villain!
Dromio of E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad."

50. *Ma foi*, etc. Printed thus in the folio: "*mai foy, il fait for ehando, Ie man voi a le Court la grand affaires.*"

57. *Jack Rugby.* Alluding to the contemptuous use of *Jack;* as in 104 below. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 143: "if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack," etc.

75. *Phlegmatic.* Mrs. Quickly is using a word that is too much for her. She seems to have meant *choleric.*

85. *I 'll ne'er put my finger*, etc. This was a proverbial phrase

of the time, and is recorded by Ray, who explains it thus: "meddle not with a quarrel voluntarily, wherein you need not be concerned."

87. *Baille.* The folios have "ballow;" and Theobald reads "baillez."

90. *Throughly.* Used by S. thirteen times, *thoroughly* not at all.

100. *Are you avised o' that?* Are you aware of that? equivalent to "You may well say that." Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 2. 132: "Art avis'd o' that?" See also on i. 1. 165 above. It was a common expression in that day.

122. *The good-year!* Generally supposed to be a corruption of *goujère*, and = "Pox on 't!" (*T. N.* iii. 4. 308); but, according to the *New Eng. Dict.* this etymology is "inadmissible," and its real origin is unknown. It came to be used in a slightly imprecatory way. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 1, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 64, 191, etc.

126. *You shall have An fool's head*, etc. A play on *Ann. An* and *ane* were broad pronunciations of *one* (Halliwell-Phillipps). *A fool's head of your own* was a common expression. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 119: "What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you?"

132. *I trow?* Literally, I know or believe; but here "nearly = I wonder" (Schmidt). Cf. ii. 1. 62 below.

150. *Detest.* Protest, of course. Elbow makes the same blunder in *M. for M.* ii. 1. 69, 75.

154. *Go to.* A common phrase of encouragement (as here and in ii. 1. 7 and iii. 3. 41 below), or reproof (as in *Temp.* v. 1. 297, etc.). *Allicholy* (for *melancholy*) occurs again in *T. G. of V.* iv. 2. 27.

160. *Confidence.* For the blundering use (= conference), cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 5. 3 and *R. and J.* ii. 4. 133.

ACT II

SCENE I. — 1. *Scaped.* Not a contraction of *escaped*, being often used in prose.

5. *Physician.* The folios have "precisian." Cf. *Sonn.* 147. 5: "My reason, the physician to my love."

9. *Sack.* "The generic name of Spanish and Canary wines" (Schmidt). We find "Sherris sack" in 2 *Hen.* iv. 3. 104.

19. *Herod of Jewry.* Herod was a common personage in the old dramatic mysteries, where he generally appeared as a swaggering tyrant. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 16: "it out-Herods Herod."

21. *Unweighed.* Inconsiderate. Cf. *unweighing* (= thoughtless) in *M. for M.* iii. 2. 147.

22. *Flemish drunkard.* The Flemish were notorious for their intemperance. The only other reference to them in S. is in ii. 2. 304 below.

23. *Conversation.* Behaviour; as in *A. and C.* ii. 6. 131: "Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation," etc. Cf. *Psalms*, xxxvii. 14, l. 23.

27. *Exhibit a bill*, etc. Chalmers thought this to be "a sarcasm on the many bills which were unadvisedly moved in the parliament which began Nov. 5, 1605, and ended May 26, 1606."

28. *Putting down of men.* Many of the editors follow Theobald in the insertion of "fat" before *men;* but surely there is no sufficient reason for the emendation. Cf. what Mrs. Page says in 78 below: "I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man." There is the same merry extravagance here as there.

30. *Puddings.* Entrails were often termed *puddings*, and "as sure as his guts are puddings" is still heard in the North of England (Halliwell-Phillipps). For *guts*, see on i. 3. 84 above.

49. *Sir Alice Ford!* This was not without actual precedent. Queen Elizabeth knighted Mary, the lady of Sir Hugh Cholmondeley, "the bold lady of Cheshire." The ceremony took place at Tilbury in 1588.

50. *These knights will hack.* This probably means that they will become *hackneyed*, or cheap and vulgar, as Blackstone explained it. Cf. p. 10 above. Some make *hack* = do mischief. Johnson wanted to read "we 'll hack," seeing a reference to the punishment of a

recreant knight by hacking off his spurs; and Clarke thinks that the meaning may be "Your companion knights would hack you from them; and thus you would not improve your degree of rank."

52. *We burn daylight.* We waste time; as is evident from the other instance of the expression in *R. and J.* i. 4. 43: —

> "*Mercutio.* Come, we burn daylight, ho!
> *Romeo.* Nay, that 's not so.
> *Mercutio.* I mean, sir, in delay
> We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day."

55. *Men's liking.* That is, their bodily condition. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 6: "I 'll repent, while I am in some liking" (that is, while I have some flesh). See also *Job*, xxxix. 4: "Their young ones are in good liking." In Baret's *Alvearie* we find, "If one be in better plight of bodie, or better liking. Si qua habitior paulò, pugilem esse aiunt. Ter."

60. *Hundredth Psalm.* The folios have "hundred Psalms."

61. *Green Sleeves* was a popular song of a very free sort. It is mentioned again in v. 5. 20 below.

66. *Melted him in his own grease.* Steevens quotes Chaucer, *C. T.* 6069: "That in his owen grese I made him frie."

76. *Press.* "Used ambiguously, for a *press* to print, and a *press* to squeeze" (Johnson).

79. *Turtles.* That is, turtle-doves; the emblem of chaste and faithful love. Cf. iii. 3. 43 below.

84. *Honesty.* Chastity; as in 99, ii. 2. 74, 235 below. Cf. the adjective in i. 4. 139 above, and 163, ii. 2. 223, iv. 2. 104, etc., below.

86. *Strain.* Natural disposition or tendency. Cf. iii. 3. 188 below: "all of the same strain." There, however, it may be figuratively = stock, race; as in *J. C.* v. 1. 59: "the noblest of thy strain," etc. In all these we see the common idea of something native, natural, or innate.

87. *Boarded me.* Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 149: "I would he had boarded me;" *Ham.* ii. 2. 170: "I 'll board him presently," etc.

98. *Chariness.* Nicety, scrupulousness; the only instance of the noun in S.

99. *O, that my husband saw this letter!* Steevens conjectured, "O, if my husband," etc. But, as White remarks, the speech is in keeping with Mrs. Ford's character (cf. iii. 3. 180 below, for instance), and must be ascribed to "mingled merriment and malice."

105. *You are the happier woman.* At first glance this seems inconsistent with what has been said in the last note. On the contrary, it is in perfect keeping therewith, and thoroughly feminine and natural.

109. *Curtal.* Having a docked tail; "indicating a dog unfit for the chase," as having an imperfect scent (Herford). Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 151: "She had transform'd me to a curtal dog;" and *P. P.* 273: "My curtal dog that wont to have play'd," etc.

114. *Gallimaufry.* Medley, hotchpotch; used again in *W. T.* iv. 4. 335. Steevens says that "Pistol ludicrously uses it for a woman;" but it is rather for women in general. Falstaff, he says, loves the whole medley of them, *high and low, rich and poor*, etc. *Perpend* = consider; a word used only by Pistol, Polonius, and the clowns. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 69, *T. N.* v. 1. 307, *Ham.* ii. 2. 105, etc.

116. *With liver*, etc. For the liver as the seat of love, cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 56, *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 233, etc.

117. *Actæon.* Cf. iii. 2. 41 below. *Ringwood* is the name of a dog.

122. *Cuckoo-birds do sing.* The note of the cuckoo was supposed to prognosticate cuckoldom, from the similarity in sound of *cuckoo* and *cuckold*. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 908: —

> "The cuckoo then on every tree
> Mocks married men," etc.

See also *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 134 and *A. W.* i. 3. 67.

124. *Believe it, Page*, etc. Johnson thought this should be given to Nym; but Steevens explains the old text thus: "While Pistol is informing Ford of Falstaff's design upon his wife, Nym is talking

aside to Page, and giving information of the like plot against *him*. When Pistol has finished, he calls out to Nym to come *away;* but seeing that he and Page are still in close debate, he goes off alone, first assuring Page that he may depend on the truth of Nym's story."

139. *Drawling, affecting.* The words are hyphened in the 1st folio. *Affecting* = affected; as in *R. and J.* ii. 4. 29: "affecting fantasticoes." It is not an instance of the active participle used passively, for it is really *affected* that is used peculiarly. An *affected* person is one who is given to *affecting* or affectation.

142. *A Cataian.* A "heathen Chinee;" from *Cataia*, or *Cathay*, the name given to China by early travellers. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 3. 80, where it is similarly used as a term of reproach.

177. *Lie at the Garter.* That is, lodge or reside there. Cf. ii. 2. 63 below. *Lay* in this sense occurs rather quaintly in Holinshed, who says of Edward Balliol after his expulsion from Scotland, "After this he went and laie a time with the Lady of Gines, that was his kinswoman."

179. *Voyage.* Cf. *Cymb.* i. 4. 170: "if you make your voyage upon her," etc.

191. *Cavalero-justice.* Cf. ii. 3. 74 below: "Cavalero Slender;" and 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 62: "all the cavaleros about London." The spelling in the early eds. is *Cavaleiro*, *Cavalerio*, etc. It is, of course, a corruption of the Spanish *caballero*, cavalier.

192. *Good even and twenty.* A free-and-easy salutation = "good evening, and twenty of 'em!" Cf. Eliot, *Fruits for the French*, 1593: "Good night and a thousand to every body." See also *T. N.* ii. 3. 52: "sweet-and-twenty." "Good *even*" is a slip on Shallow's part, as the time of the scene is evidently in the morning. Cf. 154 above, it being remembered that the dinner hour in the time of S. was at noon.

205. *Contrary places.* That is, different places for meeting, as the sequel shows.

210. *Pottle.* A large tankard; originally a measure of two quarts. Cf. iii. 5. 29 below.

212. *Brook.* The reading of the quartos; the folios have, as elsewhere, "Broome." That the former is right is evident from ii. 2. 151 below.

216. *Mynheers.* The early eds. have "An-heires" or "An-heirs;" corrected by Theobald. Other emendations are "on, here," "on, hearts," "on, heroes," "cavaleires," etc. "On, hearts" is favoured, perhaps, by iii. 2. 86 below.

217. *Have with you.* I am with you, or I'll go with you; a common idiom. Cf. 227 and iii. 2. 91 below.

221. *You stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes,* etc. In the time of S. duelling had been reduced to a science, and its laws laid down with great precision. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 20: "He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause," etc. Cf. Touchstone's ridicule of the *causes* of quarrel, etc., in *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 63 fol. The *stoccado* was a thrust in fencing. It is the same as the *stoccata* of *R. and J.* iii. 1. 77, the *stock* of ii. 3. 26 below, and the *stuck* of *T. N.* iii. 4. 303 and *Ham.* iv. 7. 162.

224. *Made you.* The *you* is doubtless the colloquial expletive pronoun; as in i. 3. 57 above. For *tall* (= stout), see on i. 4. 24.

Johnson remarks here: "Before the introduction of rapiers the swords in use were of an enormous length, and sometimes raised with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation by which lighter weapons were introduced, tells what he could once have done with the *long sword,* and ridicules the terms and rules of the rapier." The first quarto reads here: —

"I
Have seene the day, with my two hand sword
I would a made you foure tall Fencers
Scipped like Rattes."

229. *Stands so firmly on his wife's frailty.* Some would change *frailty* to "fealty" or "fidelity;" but Ford uses *frailty* because

he has no confidence in Mistress Page's fidelity. The meaning, as Malone puts it, is "has such perfect confidence in his unchaste wife."

232. *Made there.* Did there. Cf. iv. 2. 53 below: "But what make you here?" The idiom was a common one, and is played upon in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 190 and *Rich. III.* i. 3. 164 fol.

SCENE II. — 6. *Grated upon.* Worried, vexed; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 90: "suborn'd to grate on you." For the transitive *grate* in the same sense, see *Ham.* iii. 1. 3 and *A. and C.* i. 1. 18.

7. *Coach-fellow.* Companion; commonly explained as = "a horse drawing in the same carriage with another" (Schmidt).

8. *Geminy.* Couple, pair (Latin *gemini*); used by S. only here.

11. *The handle of her fan.* As Steevens notes, fans were then more costly than now, being made of ostrich feathers, set into handles of gold, silver, ivory, etc. He quotes, among other references to these, Marston, *Satires*, 1578: —

> "And buy a hoode and silver-handled fan
> With fortie pound."

12. *I took 't upon mine honour.* I protested by mine honour. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 110: —

> "And took it on his death
> That this my mother's son was none of his."

16. *A short knife and a throng!* That is, for cutting purses in a crowd. Purses, it will be remembered, were usually hung to the girdle. Malone quotes Overbury, *Characters:* "The eye of this wolf is as quick in his head as a cutpurse in a throng."

17. *Pickt-hatch!* A cant name for a district of bad repute in London. Steevens quotes several references to it from Jonson and other writers of the time. He suggests also a plausible origin for the term. A *hatch* (see *K. John*, i. 1. 171) was a half-door (that is, with the lower half arranged to shut, leaving the upper half open like a window), and this was sometimes protected by *picks*, or

spikes, to prevent thieves and marauders from "leaping the hatch" (*Lear*, iii. 6. 76). Cf. *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607: "Set some picks upon your hatch, and, I pray, profess to keep a bawdy-house."

24. *Lurch.* Explained by Schmidt and others as = "lurk." The only other instance of the word in S. is in *Cor.* ii. 2. 105: "He lurch'd all swords of the garland" (that is, robbed them of the prize). Cotgrave has "Fortraire. To lurch, purloyne;" and Coles (*Lat. Dict.*) renders *lurch* by "subduco, surripio."

25. *Cat-a-mountain.* The folio has "Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes." Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 262: "Than pard or cat o' mountain" ("Cat o' Mountaine" in the folio); the only other mention of the beast in S.

26. *Red-lattice phrases.* "Ale-house conversation" (Johnson). Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 86: "through a red lattice." Steevens quotes *The Miseries of Inforc'd Marriage*, 1607: "'t is treason to the red lattice, enemy to the signpost." Malone cites Braithwaite, *Strapado for the Divell*, 1615: "Monsieur Bacchus, master-gunner of the pottle-pot ordnance, prime founder of red lattices;" and Douce adds, from the *Blacke Booke*, 1604: "watched sometimes ten houres together in an ale-house, ever and anon peeping forth, and sampling thy nose with the red Lattis."

Bold-beating. If this is not a misprint, it is = browbeating. Hanmer's "bull-baiting" is a plausible conjecture. The Camb. editors and many others retain *bold-beating.*

29. *Would thou.* The folio reading; changed in most eds. to "wouldst thou," but it is not necessary to correct Pistol's language.

48. *Well, one Mistress Ford, you say,—.* The folio reads "Well, on; Mistresse *Ford*, you say." The emendation is favoured by the preceding speech.

53. *God.* The quarto reading; changed to "Heaven" in the folio, on account of the statute of 1606 against the abuse of the name of God in plays, etc.

61. *Canaries.* Perhaps = *quandary*, though S. does not use that word elsewhere.

63. *Lay at Windsor.* "That is, *resided* there" (Malone). See on ii. 1. 177 above.

66. *Coach after coach.* See p. 10 above.

67. *Rushling.* Rustling. So *alligant* in the next line = elegant.

77. *Pensioners.* Gentlemen in the personal service of the sovereign. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 10. In both places there is an allusion to Queen Elizabeth's band of military courtiers called *pensioners.* They were the handsomest and tallest young men of good family that could be found.

87. *Wot.* Know; used only in the present tense and the participle *wotting*, for which see *W. T.* iii. 2. 77.

90. *Frampold.* Quarrelsome. The word is a rare one, but Steevens cites examples of it from Nash, Middleton, and others.

103. *Charms.* That is, love-charms, or magic influences.

114. *Of all loves.* For love's sake; as in *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 154: "Speak, of all loves!" In *Oth.* iii. 1. 13, the 1st quarto has "of all loves," the folios "for love's sake."

118. *Take all, pay all.* This was a proverbial expression.

126. *Nay-word.* Watchword; as in v. 2. 5 below. See also *T. N.* ii. 3. 146.

135. *Punk.* "A vessel of the small craft, employed as a *carrier* (and so called) for merchants." There is a play on this sense and the common one (= harlot).

136. *Fights!* A technical term for "cloths hung round the ship to conceal the men from the enemy" (Johnson). Steevens quotes *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1615: —

> "Then now up with your fights, and let your ensigns,
> Blest with St. George's cross, play with the winds."

146. *And hath sent your worship*, etc. As Malone notes, it was a common custom, in the poet's time, to send presents of wine from one room to another, either in token of friendship, or (as here) by way of introduction to acquaintance. Cf. *Merry Passages and Feasts* (Harl. MSS. 6395): "Ben: Johnson was at a taverne, and

in comes Bishoppe Corbett (but not so then) into the next roome. Ben: Johnson calls for a quart of *raw* wine, gives it to the tapster: Sirrha, says he, carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him, I *sac*rifice my service to him; the fellow did so, and in those words: Friend, sayes Dr. Corbett, I thanke him for his love; but pr'ythee tell hym from me, hee's mistaken, for *sac*rifices are allwayes *burn't*." Corbet evidently preferred "burnt sack" (cf. ii. 1. 211 above and iii. 1. 105 below), as "mine host" seems to have done.

The *morning's draught* of ale, beer, wine, or spirits was a common thing in that day, as well as long before and after. It was not until towards the end of the 17th century that the morning cup of coffee took its place. Halliwell-Phillipps cites many references to it; as the following from *Gratiæ Ludentes*, 1638: "A Welch minister being to preach on a Sunday, certaine merry companions had got him into a celler to drink his mornings draught, and in the meane time stole his notes out of his pocket. Hee nothing doubting, went to the church into the pulpit, where having ended his prayer, he mist at last his notes, wherefore hee saide; My good neighbours, I have lost my sermon, but I will reade you a chaptier in Job shall be worth two of it."

153. *Via!* An interjection of encouragement or exultation; from the Italian, and literally = away! Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 11: "via! says the fiend; away! says the fiend," etc. Florio calls it "an adverb of encouraging much used by commanders, as also by riders to their horses."

160. *Give us leave.* A courteous phrase of dismissal. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 230: "James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?" See also *R. and J.* i. 3. 7, *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 1, etc.

165. *Not to charge you.* "That is, not with a purpose of putting you to expense, or being burthensome" (Johnson).

168. *Unseasoned.* Unseasonable; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 105: "unseason'd hours." Daniel takes it to be = "not seasoned, not prepared or prefaced."

189. *Sith.* Since. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 6, etc.

197. *Engrossed opportunities.* That is, taken every opportunity.

201. *What she would have given.* That is, what sort of presents she would like.

205. *Unless experience*, etc. The Cambridge ed. reads "a jewel that I have purchased," as the 4th folio does. The earlier folios have "a jewel, that," etc.

208. *Love like a shadow*, etc. As Malone remarks, this has the air of a quotation, but it has not been proved to be such. Steevens cites Florio's translation of some Italian verses: —

> "They weep to winne, and wonne they cause to die,
> Follow men flying, and men following fly;"

and a sonnet by Queen Elizabeth: —

> "My care is like my shaddowe in the sunne,
> Follows me fliinge, flies when I pursue it."

Halliwell-Phillipps quotes from a song by Jonson: —

> "Follow a shaddow, it still flies you;
> Seeme to flye it, it will pursue:
> So court a mistris, shee denyes you;
> Let her alone, shee will court you.
> Say are not women truely, then,
> Stil'd but the shaddowes of us men?"

225. *Shrewd.* Evil; the original sense of the word. Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 179: "endur'd shrewd days and nights," etc.

228. *Of great admittance.* Admitted to the society of great persons. *Authentic* = of acknowledged standing.

229. *Allowed.* Approved. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 54: "I like them all, and do allow them well."

230. *Preparations.* Accomplishments.

235. *Amiable.* Amorous, loving; as in *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 161: "this amiable encounter."

247. *With any detection in my hand.* That is, with any evidence that I had detected her in unchastity.

248. *Instance.* Example. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 3. 88: "this present instance of his rage," etc.

249. *Ward.* A technical term in fencing for posture of defence. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 471: "Come from your ward;" 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 215: "my old ward," etc.

251. *Other her defences.* Cf. *Lear*, i. 4. 259: "other your new pranks," etc. For *too-too*, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 6. 42: "too-too light," etc. See also quotation in note on iii. 3. 43 below.

274. *Wittolly.* Equivalent to *cuckoldly* just above. Cf. 301 below, where *wittol-cuckold* = "one who knows his wife's falsehood, and is contented with it" (Malone).

280. *Mechanical.* Vulgar; like a mere labourer. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 196: "Base dunghill villain and mechanical!" See also *J. C.* i. 1. 3. It may be a question whether *salt-butter* is = dealing in salt butter, or a mere huckster (as Schmidt makes it), or = too poor to indulge in the luxury of fresh butter; but it is probably the latter. English people nowadays consider that only unsalted butter is fit for the table, and wonder that Yankees often find it insipid.

284. *Predominate.* An astrological term; like *predominant*, for which see *W. T.* i. 2. 196, *A. W.* i. 1. 211, etc.

286. *Aggravate his style.* Add to his titles (by making him a cuckold). *Style* is used in the heraldic sense. Steevens quotes Heywood, *Golden Age*, 1611: "I will create lords of a greater style."

288. *Soon at night.* See on i. 4. 8 above.

298. *Amaimon* and *Barbason* were devils, as the context shows. Reginald Scot, Harsnet, and other writers of the time give us as long lists of these "several devils' names" as Glendower bored Hotspur with (1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 154). Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Armourie* (quoted by Steevens), says that "*Amaymon* is the chief whose dominion is on the north part of the infernal gulph," and that "*Barbatos* is like a Sagittarius, and hath 30 legions under him."

300. *Additions.* Titles. Cf. *Macb.* i. 3. 106, iii. 1. 100, *Ham.* i. 4. 20, ii. 1. 47, etc.

301. *Wittol-cuckold.* The folios have "Wittoll, Cuckold," and some modern editors follow them. See on 274 above.

305. *Aqua-vitæ.* Ardent spirits; here probably = whiskey. Reed says that Dericke, in *The Image of Ireland*, 1581, mentions *uske-beaghe* (or *usquebaugh*, the same word as the modern *whiskey*), and in a note explains it to mean *aqua-vitæ.*

311. *Eleven o'clock the hour.* "It was necessary for the plot that he should mistake the hour, and come too late" (Mason).

SCENE III. — 24. *Foin.* Thrust; a fencing term. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 84, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 17, etc. *Traverse* elsewhere is = march; and here it may mean "baffle by shifting place." Schmidt thinks it is = *foin.* *Punto* (Italian = point), *stock* (see on ii. 1. 221 above), *reverse*, and *montant* (Italian *montanto*, for which see *Much Ado*, i. 1. 30) were all technicalities of the fencing-school.

29. *Heart of elder?* "In contradistinction to 'heart of oak,' elder-wood having nothing but soft pith at heart" (Clarke).

30. *Bully stale.* The word *stale* = urine; as in *A. and C.* i. 4. 62: "the stale of horses." This, like *Urinal* just below, is a hit at the practice of examining the patient's water then in vogue. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 1: "What says the doctor to my water?"

33. *Castilian.* The folios have "Castalion," and the quartos "Castallian." It may be, as Farmer suggests, "a slur upon the Spaniards, who were held in great contempt after the business of the Armada." There is perhaps also "an allusion to his profession, as a water-*caster*" (Malone). To *cast* the water was the technical term for inspecting it. Cf. *Macb.* v. 3. 50: —

> "If thou couldst, doctor, cast
> The water of my land, find her disease," etc.

40. *The hair.* The grain, the nature. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 61: —

"The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division."

44. *Bodykins.* A form of swearing by God's body, or the sacramental bread. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 554: "God's bodykins, man, much better!" Cf. also *'od's heartlings* in iii. 4. 58 below, *'od's nouns* in iv. 1. 24, etc.

46. *Make one.* That is, one of the combatants.

55. *Churchman.* Ecclesiastic; as in *T. N.* iii. 1. 4, *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 48, etc.

60. *Mock-water.* Perhaps another hit at the urinary diagnosis.

89. *Cried game?* A doubtful passage which has been variously emended. "Cried I aim?" (see on iii. 2. 42) is the most plausible of these conjectures, and is adopted by several editors. Dr. Ingleby (*Shakes. Hermeneutics*, p. 75) remarks: "There can hardly be a doubt that under the words *Cried game*, if authentic, there lurks an allusion of the time which has now to be hunted out. If *cried game?* be either *Is it cried game?* or *Cried I game?* we apprehend the allusion is not far to seek. In hare-hunting a person was employed and paid to find the hare, 'muzing on her meaze,' or, as we say, in her form. He was called the hare-finder. When he had found her, he first cried Soho! to betray the fact to the pursuers; he then proceeded to put her up, and 'give her courser's law.' What, then, can *Cried I game?* mean but *Did I cry game? Did I cry Soho?* In the play before us the pursuit was after Mistress Anne Page. She was the hare, and the Host undertook to betray her whereabouts to Dr. Caius in order that he might urge his love-suit."

93. *Adversary.* Advocate or accessory. The Host plays upon the ignorance of Caius (Herford).

ACT III

SCENE I. — 5. *Pitty-ward.* In the direction of the *pitty*, probably a local name in that day, though now lost. Capell reads "city-

ward." Halliwell-Phillipps thinks it means "towards the Petty or Little Park," as distinguished from *the* Park.

14. *Costard.* Properly a kind of apple (whence *costermonger*, or *costard-monger*); then, in cant language, the head, as being round like an apple. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 71, *Lear*, iv. 6. 247, etc.

16. *To shallow rivers*, etc. This is from a poem which William Jaggard, when he brought out *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599, included as one of Shakespeare's productions; but in 1600 it was attributed to its real author, Christopher Marlowe, in the collection of poems entitled *England's Helicon.* Jaggard was perhaps misled by the quotation from the poem here. If so, it tends to prove that the play was written before the publication of *The Passionate Pilgrim* (Stokes). The poem is familiar, but some readers may be glad to see it reprinted here: —

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull:
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

In Jaggard's compilation, the poem was accompanied by an answer signed "Ignoto." Walton, in his *Compleat Angler*, has inserted both, describing the first as "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe," and the other as "an answer to it by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days." I add this also as "old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good:" —

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.
But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come;
The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.
Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs, —
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than 's fit for men?
These are but vain; that 's only good
Which God hath bless'd and sent for food.
But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date and age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

23. *Whenas I sat in Pabylon.* This line is from the old version of the 137th Psalm: —

"When we did sit in Babylon,
The rivers round about,
Then, in remembrance of Sion,
The tears for grief burst out."

For *whenas* = when, see *C. of E.* iv. 4. 140, *Sonn.* 49. 3, etc.

24. *Vagram.* Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 26: "all vagrom men." Johnson changes the word to "vagrant."

44. *Doublet and hose.* Equivalent to the modern "coat and breeches." Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 6, iii. 2. 206, 232, iv. 1. 206, etc. Here *in your doublet and hose* means *only* thus dressed, or without a cloak.

56. *So wide of his own respect.* "So indifferent to his own reputation."

95. *Gallia.* Here = Wales (Fr. *Galles*, or *pays des Galles*).

99. *Machiavel?* For the allusion to the great Italian, cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 74 and 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 193.

103. *Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.* These words are from the quarto; first inserted in the text by Theobald.

114. *Sot.* Fool (Fr. *sot*); as elsewhere in S. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 101, *C. of E.* ii. 2. 196, *T. N.* i. 5. 129, v. 1. 202, etc.

115. *Vlouting-stog.* Flouting-stock, laughing-stock. Cf. iv. 5. 82 below.

118. *Scall.* Evans's word for *scald* (= scabby, scurvy). Cf.

A. and C. v. 2. 215: "scald rhymers," etc. *Cogging* = cheating. Cf. iii. 3. 49, 72 below.

SCENE II. — 17. *The dickens.* The one instance of the expression in S. It is rare in writers of the time. Heywood, in his *Edw. IV.* 1600, has "What, the dickens!"

32. *Twelve score.* That is, yards; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 598 and 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 52. As this is a short distance for a cannon, it has been suggested that *rods* may be understood; but Ford means to make it a very *easy* shot, which for the guns of that day might not be more than 720 feet. At any rate, $5\frac{1}{2}$ times that distance, or nearly a mile, would be too much for a *point-blank* shot.

40. *So-seeming.* Referring to *modesty;* not = "so specious," as Steevens makes it.

41. *Actæon.* Here = cuckold; alluding to the proverbial *horns.* Cf. ii. 1. 117 and iii. 2. 41.

42. *Cry aim.* Encourage; "an expression borrowed from archery = to encourage the archers by crying out *aim* when they were about to shoot, and then in a general sense to applaud, to encourage with cheers" (Schmidt). Cf. *K. John,* ii. 1. 196; and see also on ii. 3. 89 above.

55. *Lingered.* Been waiting.

67. *Speaks holiday.* That is, his best, his choicest language. Warburton thought it to be = "in a high-flown, fustian style;" but the host means simply holiday style as distinguished from everyday style, or that of common people. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 46: "With many holiday and lady terms;" also "high-day wit" in *M. of V.* ii. 9. 98, and "festival terms" in *Much Ado,* v. 2. 41.

68. *'T is in his buttons.* A free-and-easy expression = 't is in him to do it, he can do it if he will. The late President Garfield said that he never met a ragged boy without feeling that he owed him a salute for the possibilities "buttoned up under his coat." Some of the editors of the last century see an allusion to "a custom among the country fellows, of trying whether they should succeed

with their mistresses, by carrying the *bachelor's buttons* (a plant of the *Lychnis* kind, whose flowers resemble a coat button in form) in their pockets." Steevens cites many contemporaneous references to these *bachelor's buttons*.

71. *Having.* Possessions, property. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 396: "Your having in beard;" *T. N.* iii. 4. 379: "My having is not much," etc.

He kept company with the wild prince, etc. This has been quoted as evidence that *Henry IV.* was written before *M. W.*

73. *Knit a knot in his fortunes.* His *fortunes* being now somewhat "at loose ends" on account of his loose ways.

88. *Pipe-wine.* There is a play upon *pipe* in its double sense of a cask and a musical instrument. It is suggested by *canary*, which meant a lively dance as well as a kind of wine. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 1. 77: —

> "make you dance canary
> With spritely fire and motion."

Here Falstaff is to *dance* to Ford's *piping*.

Scene III. — 2. *Buck-basket.* A basket for carrying clothes to the *bucking* (132 below), or washing.

14. *Whitsters.* Whiteners or bleachers (Fr. *blanchisseuses*) of linen. The reader will bear in mind that *-ster* was originally a feminine ending, though it retains that force only in *spinster*.

22. *Eyas-musket!* Young sparrow-hawk. *Eyas* is properly a nestling hawk (see *Ham.* ii. 2. 355), and *musket* (not mentioned elsewhere by S.) is the young male hawk. Cf Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 11. 34: —

> "Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
> His newly-budded pineons to assay;"

and *Hymne of Heavenly Love:* "Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings." Izaak Walton, in his enumeration of hawks, mentions "the sparhawk and the musket" as the old and young birds of the same species.

27. *Jack-a-Lent.* A small puppet thrown at during Lent. Steevens quotes *Greene's Tu Quoque:* "if a boy, that is throwing at his Jack o' Lent, chance to hit me on the shins," etc.

42. *Pumpion.* Pumpkin; the modern name being a corruption of the old one. S. mentions it nowhere else.

43. *Turtles.* Turtle-doves. See on ii. 1. 79 above. *Jay* was a metaphor for a harlot. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 51: —

"Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him."

Warburton notes that the Italian *putta* (= jay) is used in the same figurative sense.

44. *Have I caught thee,* etc. The beginning of the second song in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* is

"Have I caught my heav'nly jewell,
Teaching sleepe most faire to be?
Now will I teach her that she
When she wakes, is too-too cruell."

49. *Cog.* Cheat, dissemble. See on iii. 1. 118 above.

57. *Beauty.* The *Variorum* of 1821 has "bent," the quarto reading. Malone quotes *A. and C.* i. 3. 36: "Bliss in our brows' bent."

58. *Ship-tire* and *tire-valiant* are forms of the *tire,* or head-dress, of the time. Cf. *Much Ado,* iii. 4. 13. *Venetian admittance* = admitted or approved as the fashion in Venice. Cf. *T. of S.* ii. 1. 308, where Petruchio says he is going to Venice "To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day." Halliwell-Phillipps quotes *Merchant Royall,* 1607: "if wee weare any thing, it must be pure Venetian, Roman, or barbarian; but the fashion of all must be French."

62. *Traitor.* "That is, to thy own merit" (Steevens). The reading is that of the quartos; the folios have "tyrant," and omit *By the Lord.* See on ii. 2. 56 above.

63. *Absolute.* Perfect. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 111: "an absolute gentleman," etc.

65. *Farthingale.* Hooped petticoat. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 51: "What compass will you wear your farthingale?" In *T. of S.* iv. 3. 56, the spelling is *fardingale.*

66. *If Fortune thy foe were not.* Evidently an allusion to a popular old song beginning "Fortune, my foe, why dost thou frown on me?" *Nature thy friend* = Nature being thy friend.

73. *A many.* Now obsolete, though we say *a few* and *many a.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 5. 73, *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 184, etc. Tennyson uses the expression in *The Miller's Daughter:* "They have not shed a many tears."

75. *Bucklersbury.* A street in London (on the right of Cheapside, as one goes towards the Bank) which in the poet's time was chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of *simples*, or herbs, green as well as dry.

80. *The Counter-gate.* The *Counter* (cf. *C. of E.* iv. 2. 39, where there may be a play on the word) was the name of two prisons in London.

92. *The arras.* The tapestry hangings of the room. Steevens remarks: "The spaces left between the walls and the wooden frames on which arras was hung, were not more commodious to our ancestors than to the authors of their ancient dramatic pieces. Borachio in *Much Ado* and Polonius in *Hamlet* also avail themselves of this convenient recess."

101. *To your husband.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 84: "I have thee to my tutor," etc.

123. *I had rather than a thousand pound.* Cf. i. 1. 178 above: "I had rather than forty shillings," etc. *Had rather* is good old English of which *would rather* is merely a "modern improvement."

127. *Conveyance.* In the general sense of "means of getting him out of the way" (as in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 283), not referring to the *basket*, which she sees a moment later.

132. *Whiting-time.* Bleaching-time. This, as Holt White notes, was spring, the season when "maidens bleach their summer smocks" (*L. L. L.* v. 2. 916).

141. *I love thee.* Malone adds (from the quarto) "and none but thee," which he assumes to be spoken to Mrs. Page aside.

148. *Cowl-staff.* A pole on which a tub or basket was borne between two persons. Malone says that in Essex a large tub is called a *cowl*, and Halliwell-Phillipps (*Archaic Dict.*) gives *coul* with that sense. Florio has "*Bicollo*, a cowle-staffe to carie behind and before with, as they use in Italy to carie two buckets at once;" and Cotgrave defines *courge* as "stang, palestaffe, or cole-staffe, carried on the shoulder, and notched (for the hanging of a pale, &c.) at both ends." *Drumble* = move sluggishly, "dawdle;" still used in the West of England. S. has the word only here.

157. *You were best meddle.* Originally the pronoun was dative: "it were best for you;" but it came to be regarded as the nominative. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 154: "thou wert best look to it," etc.

159. *Wash myself of the buck.* That is, rid myself of the horns of the cuckold.

161. *Of the season.* In season; a technical term. Cf. *unseasonable* in *R. of L.* 581.

163. *To-night.* Last night; as often. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 5. 18: "For I did dream of money-bags to-night," etc.

167. *Uncape.* Probably = "uncouple," which Hanmer substituted. Warburton explains it as = "unearth," and Steevens as = "to turn the fox out of the bag." S. uses the word only here.

188. *Strain.* See on ii. 1. 86 above.

195. *Foolish carrion.* The 1st folio has "foolishion Carion;" apparently an example of that variety of "duplicative" misprints, as Dr. Ingleby calls them (*Shakes. Hermeneutics*, p. 36), in which the ending of the next word is anticipated in the one we are writing or putting in type.[1]

[1] Like "excellence sense," for "excellent sense," a misprint in Dr. Ingleby's *S. the Man and the Book, Part II.* (p. 31) which, on my pointing it out to him, he called "a capital example" of this class of mistakes.

Scene IV. — Mr. P. A. Daniel remarks: "The time of this scene is singularly elastic. It is prior to, concurrent with, and subsequent to the preceding scene: *prior to* in the interview between Fenton and Anne; *concurrent with* in the arrival of Shallow and Slender, who left the company in sc. ii. to come here, while the rest of the company went on to Ford's house; *subsequent to* in the return home of Page and his wife from the dinner at Ford's house, with which sc. iii. is supposed to end. And Mrs. Quickly? In modern editions Mrs. Quickly arrives on the scene with Shallow and Slender; but there is no authority for this or any other of the entries in this scene in the folio. The scene — and so it is with all the scenes throughout the play — is merely headed with a list of the actors who appear in it: the special time at which they enter is not marked."

8. *Societies.* Cf. *companies* in *Hen. V.* i. 1. 55: "His companies unlettered, rude, and shallow."

10. *A property.* Cf. *J. C.* iv. 1. 40: —

> "Do not talk of him
> But as a property."

16. *Stamps.* Coins; as in *Cymb.* v. 4. 24: "'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp," etc.

20. *Opportunity.* That is, taking advantage of the opportune time for appealing to him.

24. *I 'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't.* "A proverbial phrase, signifying 'I 'll do it either cleverly or clumsily,' 'hit or miss,' the *shaft* being a sharp arrow used by skilful archers, the *bolt* a blunt one employed merely to shoot birds with" (Clarke). Cf. *fool's bolt* in *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 67 and *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 132. See also *bird-bolt* in *Much Ado*, i. 1. 42, etc. *'Slid* is = God's lid; an oath of the same class as I have noted on ii. 3. 44 above.

46. *Come cut and long-tail.* "A proverbial expression = 'whatever kind may come;' *cut and long-tail* referring to dogs and horses with docked or undocked tails. The characteristic way in

which this bumpkin squire interlards his speech with illustrations borrowed from the stud and the kennel, from country sports and pursuits, is worth observing" (Clarke).

58. *'Od's heartlings.* See on ii. 3. 44 above.

67. *Happy man be his dole!* Happiness be his lot! Cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 144, 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 81, etc. For *dole* (literally = dealing, distribution), cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 169 : "in the dole of blows;" and *A. W.* ii. 3. 76 : "what dole of honour." The word is still a familiar one in England for a charitable allowance of provision to the poor.

74. *Impatient.* Metrically a quadrisyllable. Cf. *submission* in iv. 4. 11.

84. *Advance the colours of my love.* For the metaphor, cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 96 : "And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

89. *Quick.* Alive; as in *Ham.* v. 1. 137 : "'t is for the dead, and not the quick," etc. See also *Acts*, x. 42, 2 *Timothy*, iv. 1, *Hebrews*, iv. 12, etc.

On the passage, Collins compares Jonson, *Barthol. Fair :* "Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head of me, and had my brains bowled at."

99. *A fool and a physician?* Hanmer changes *and* to "or;" but, as Clarke notes, it is just in Mrs. Quickly's blundering way to couple the two suitors by *and* instead of *or*.

102. *Once to-night.* Some time to-night.

114. *Slack.* Neglect; as in *Lear*, ii. 4. 248 and *Oth.* iv. 3. 88.

Scene V. — There is a strange confusion of time in this scene, which Mr. P. A. Daniel states thus : "We find Falstaff calling for sack to qualify the cold water he had swallowed when slighted into the river from the buck-basket. One would naturally suppose that the time of this scene must be the afternoon of the day of that adventure, and, indeed, it can be but a little later than the time of the preceding scene; but lo! when Mrs. Quickly enters with the invitation for 'to-morrow, eight o'clock,' she gives his worship *good*

morrow [= good morning] ; tells him that Ford goes *this morning* a-birding, and that Mrs. Ford desires him to come to her once more, between *eight and nine*. As Mrs. Quickly departs, Falstaff remarks, 'I marvel I hear not of Master Brook ; he sent me word to stay within : I like his money well. O, here he comes.' And Ford (as Brook), who was to have visited Falstaff 'soon at night' after the adventure which ended with the buck-basket, makes his appearance to learn the result of the first interview, and to be told of the second, which is just about to take place. 'Her husband,' says Falstaff, 'is *this morning* gone a-birding : I have received from her another embassy of meeting ; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.' ''*T is past eight already*, sir,' says Ford ; and Falstaff replies, 'Is it ? I will then address me to my appointment,' and so he goes out, and Ford follows, confident this time of taking him in his house."

Herford suggests that the scene "has probably been put together out of two scenes, separated by a night's interval, in the original version ;" but if S. wrote the play in a fortnight (see p. 12 above) the confusion here and elsewhere may be due to haste in composition.

9. *Slighted me.* "Threw me heedlessly" (Schmidt).

11. *A blind bitch's puppies.* Hanmer made it read "a bitch's blind puppies ;" but the mistake may be intentional, as being in keeping with Falstaff's state of mind at the time.

26. *Cry you mercy.* Beg your pardon ; as in *Much Ado*, i. 2. 26, etc. In *Oth.* v. 1. 93 we find "I cry you gentle pardon."

28. *Chalices.* Cups ; those in which the wine ordered in 3 above had been served (Clarke).

29. For *pottle* (see on ii. 1. 210) White reads "posset ;" but *brew* may be used jocosely. *Simple of itself* seems to imply that he wanted plain sack — unless, perchance, possets were sometimes made without eggs. All the old recipes that I have seen include the *pullet-sperm*. The following, for instance, is quoted by Staunton from *A True Gentleman's Delight:* "To Make a Sack-Posset.

—Take Two Quarts of pure good Cream, and a Quarter of a Pound of the best Almonds. Stamp them in the Cream and boyl, with *Amber* and *Musk* therein. Then take a Pint of Sack in a basin, and set it on a Chafing-dish, till it be blood-warm; then take the Yolks of Twelve Eggs, with Four of their Whites, and beat them well together; and so put the Eggs into the Sack. Then stir all together over the coals, till it is all as thick as you would have it. If you now take some *Amber* and *Musk*, and grind the same quite small, with sugar, and strew this on the top of your Possit, I promise you that it shall have a most delicate and pleasant taste." Another receipt, given by the same editor, allows "eggs just ten" to a pint of sack, with the other "ingrediencies."

44. *Yearn your heart.* Grieve you. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 5. 76: "O, how it yearn'd my heart," etc. The verb is used intransitively in the same sense; as in *J. C.* ii. 2. 129, *Hen. V.* ii. 3. 3, etc.

67. *Sped you, sir?* Had you good luck? Were you successful? Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 141, *Cymb.* v. 4. 190, etc.

71. *Peaking Cornuto.* Sneaking cuckold. For *peak*, cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 594: —

> "Yet I,
> A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
> Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause."

Cornuto (used by S. only here) is evidently formed from the Latin *cornu*, horn. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes *Witts Recreations:* "Cornuto is not jealous of his wife;" and *Gallantry à la Mode*, 1674: "When my cornuto goes from home."

73. *Larum.* Alarum (but not to be printed as that word contracted), or alarm.

86. *Distraction.* Changed by Hanmer to "direction;" but Falstaff ascribes the trick to Mrs. Page's *invention* at a time when Mrs. Ford was in a state of helpless *distraction.*

91. *That.* So that; as often.

108. *Several.* Separate; as in v. 5. 63 below. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 42, *W. T.* i. 2. 438, etc.

109. *With.* By; as often.

110. *Bilbo.* Spanish blade. See on i. 1. 161 above. It was said that the best of these blades could be bent so as to bring hilt and point together without breaking.

123. *In good sadness.* In all seriousness; as in iv. 2. 90 below. For *sad* = serious, see *Much Ado*, i. 1. 185: "Speak you this with a sad brow?" *W. T.* iv. 4. 316: "in sad talk," etc.

132. *Address me to.* Prepare myself for. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 2. 24, *Ham.* i. 2. 216, etc.

151. *Horn-mad.* See on i. 4. 49 above.

ACT IV

SCENE I. — 24. *'Od's nouns.* A petty oath. See on ii. 3. 44 above. Mrs. Quickly confounds *'od* and *odd.*

45. *Hinc.* Changed by Halliwell-Phillipps to "hunc;" but the next speech seems to imply that William has made a mistake. There the folios have "hing" for *hung*, but we are not to suppose that the pedagogue would blunder in declining a familiar pronoun. Perhaps we should point "Hinc, —" It is possible, of course, that it ought to be "Hunc," the mistake being in his inability to give the other two forms.

48. *Hang-hog is Latin for bacon.* Knight remarks: "This joke is in all probability derived from the traditionary anecdote of Sir Nicholas Bacon, which is told by Lord Bacon in his *Apophthegms:* 'Sir Nicholas Bacon being judge of the Northern Circuit, when he came to pass sentence upon the malefactors, was by one of them mightily importuned to save his life. When nothing he had said would avail, he at length desired his mercy on account of kindred. Prithee, said my lord, how came that in? Why if it please you, my lord, your name is *Bacon* and mine is *Hog*, and in all ages Hog and Bacon are so near kindred that they are not to be separated. Ay but, replied the judge, you and I cannot be of kindred

unless you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon till it be well hang'd.' "

65. *Hick.* The dame evidently takes *hic* to be a verb, like *hack*, but what meaning she ascribes to it is not clear. The only *hick* given in the *New Eng. Dict.* is = hiccup.

78. *Preeches.* That is, *breeched*, or flogged. Cf. *T. of S.* iii. 1. 18: "I am no breeching scholar in the schools."

81. *Sprag.* Sprack; that is, quick, ready. S. has the word only here. Coles, in his *Latin Dict.*, has "*Sprack*, vegetus, vividus, agilis." Steevens quotes Tony Aston's supplement to the *Life of Colley Cibber:* "a little lively sprack man." *Sprag* is Sir Hugh's mispronunciation.

Scene II. — 1. *Your sorrow*, etc. My sufferings are dissipated at the sight of your regret. For *sufferance* = suffering, cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 38, etc.

2. *Obsequious.* Zealous, devoted. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 28: "in obsequious fondness," etc.

21. *Lunes.* Lunatic freaks, mad fancies. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 2. 30: "These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them!" In the present passage the folios have "lines," as in *T. and C.* ii. 3. 139: "His pettish lunes."

24. *Peer out, peer out!* Henley remarks: "S. here refers to the practice of children, when they call on a snail to push forth his horns: —

> 'Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole,
> Or else I 'll beat you black as coal.' "

46. *Bestow him.* Put him. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 299: "Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it," etc.

51. *Pistols.* Douce and others note the anachronism here. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 380, v. 3. 53, etc.

57. *Creep into the kiln-hole.* Malone suspected from Mrs. Ford's next speech that these words belong to Mrs. Page; but, as he adds, "that may be a second thought, a correction of her former

proposal." Some editors, however, transfer the sentence to Mrs. Page.

61. *Abstract.* Memorandum; the only instance of this sense in S.

74. *The fat woman of Brentford.* The quarto has "Gillian of Brainford," who was a notorious character of the middle of the 16th century. In revising the play S. chose to make the allusion less definite. All the early eds. have "Brainford" here and elsewhere.

77. *Thrummed hat.* That is, a hat made of *thrums*, or the ends of a weaver's warp. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 291: "cut thread and thrum." See also Elyot, *Dict.* 1559: "Bardo cucullus, a thrummed hatte;" Florio, 1598: "Bernasso, a thrumbed hat;" and Minsheu: "A thrummed hat, une cappe de biar."

80. *Look.* Look up, look for. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 5. 34: "to look you," etc.

102. *Misuse him.* The 1st folio omits *him*, which the 2d supplies.

105. *Do not act*, etc. Do not actually do what in jest we may pretend to do.

106. *Still swine*, etc. Cf. Yates, *Castell of Courtesie*, 1582: "a proverbe olde in Englande here, the still sowe eats the draffe."

119. *Ging.* Gang, pack; used by S. only here. Steevens cites examples of the word from Jonson, *New Inn* and *Alchemist*, and from Milton, *Smectymnus*.

123. *Passes.* See on i. 1. 295 above.

150. *Pluck me*, etc. For the *me*, see on i. 3. 57 and ii. 1. 224 above.

155. *This wrongs you.* "This is below your character, unworthy of your understanding, injurious to your honour" (Johnson).

162. *Show no colour*, etc. That is, if I show no reason for the extreme course I take. I believe that it is closely connected with what precedes; but the folio and some modern eds. end the sentence at *extremity*, making this clause imperative = suggest no excuse for my conduct.

165. *Leman.* Lover, paramour. In the other instances of the word in S. (*T. N.* ii. 3. 26 and 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 49) it is feminine.

178. *Daubery.* Imposture, trickery; literally *daubing* with false colours. Cf. the use of *daub* in *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 29 and *Lear*, iv. 1. 53. *By the figure* apparently refers to some form of fortune-telling in which diagrams were used.

187. *Ronyon!* A scabby or mangy woman. The word occurs again in *Macb.* i. 3. 6: "rump-fed ronyon."

199. *Cry out thus upon no trail.* "The expression is taken from the hunters. *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game; to *cry out* is to *open* or *bark*" (Johnson). Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 109: —

> "How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
> O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!"

212. *In fee-simple, with fine and recovery.* Ritson remarks: "Our author had been long enough in an attorney's office to learn that *fee-simple* is the *largest estate*, and *fine and recovery* the *strongest assurance*, known to English law." For *fee-simple*, cf. *A. W.* iv. 3. 312: "Sir, for a quart d'écu he will sell the fee simple of his salvation," etc. For *fine and recovery*, cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 114: "his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries," etc.

213. *He will never, I think*, etc. "He will not make further attempts to ruin us, by corrupting our virtue, and destroying our reputation" (Steevens).

218. *Figures.* Fancies. Schmidt compares *J. C.* ii. 1. 231: —

> "Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
> Which busy care draws in the brains of men."

223. *No period.* "No due conclusion" (Clarke). White puts a period after *jest*, making what follows a question.

Scene III. — 1. *The Germans.* Some of the commentators see here an allusion to the visit of Count Frederick of Mömpelgard (afterwards Duke of Würtemberg and Teck) to Windsor in 1592,

and to the fact that free post-horses were granted him through a pass of Lord Howard's. See also on iv. 5. 70 below.

11. *Come off.* "Come down with the cash," pay for it. Steevens and Farmer quote many examples of the expression from Massinger, Dekker, Heywood, Jonson, and other dramatists of the time. It occurs also in Chaucer, *C. T.* 338.

SCENE IV.—7. *With cold.* Of coldness. We still say "charge with coldness," etc.

11. *Extreme.* S. accents the word on either syllable; on the first chiefly when preceding the noun. Cf. *R. of L.* 230, *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 22, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 750, etc. *Submission* is a quadrisyllable.

32. *Takes.* Bewitches. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 163: "No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to harm;" *Lear*, iii. 4. 61: "star-blasting and taking," etc.

35. *Spirit.* Monosyllabic; as often. See on i. 4. 23 above.

36. *Eld.* Here apparently = people of the olden time.

43. *Disguis'd like Herne*, etc. This line is not in the folios; supplied by Theobald from the 1st quarto. He also inserted the preceding line of the quarto, "We 'll send him word to meet us in the field;" but, as Malone notes, this is clearly unnecessary, and indeed improper, as *field* relates to what goes before in the quarto: —

> "Now for that F*alstaffe* hath bene so deceiued,
> As that he dares not venture to the house,
> Weele send him word to meet vs in the field,
> Disguised like *Horne*, with huge horns on his head."

The last line is required by *in this shape* in the next speech.

50. *Urchins.* Mischievous elves; probably so called because they sometimes took the form of urchins, or hedgehogs. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 326 with *Id.* ii. 2. 10. *Ouphes* were a kind of elves; mentioned again in v. 5. 54 below.

55. *Diffused.* Confused, wild, irregular. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 61: "diffus'd attire" (where the early eds. have "defused," as in *Rich. III.* i. 2. 78 and *Lear*, i. 4. 2).

58. *To-pinch.* The editors generally adopt Tyrwhitt's suggestion that *to* here is the intensive particle often found prefixed to verbs in old English, but nearly obsolete in the time of S. Steevens quotes Holland's *Pliny:* "shee againe to be quit with them, will all to-pinch and nip both the fox and her cubs." The *all* is often thus associated with it, and in some cases the *to* is to be joined to the *all* (= altogether), rather than to the verb. In *Judges*, ix. 53, we find "*all* to brake," which some make = "all to-brake," and others = "all-to brake." In the present passage, it is possible that the *to* is the ordinary infinitive prefix, used with the second of two verbs, though omitted with the first.

71. *Vizards.* Visors, or masks. Cf. *vizarded* in iv. 6. 40 below.

74. *Time.* Changes have been made here; but, *time* may refer to the time of the masque with which Falstaff is to be entertained, and which is the subject of this dialogue.

79. *Properties.* In the theatrical sense of stage requisites. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 2. 108: "I will draw a bill of properties such as our play wants." *Tricking* = dresses, ornaments.

84. *Send quickly.* Theobald suggested that this should be "Send Quickly," and Daniel adopts that reading.

SCENE V. — 1. *Thick-skin?* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 13: "The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort."

7. *Standing-bed and truckle-bed.* The *truckle-bed* or *trundle-bed* (as fifty years ago it was called in New England) was a low bed which could be put under the *standing-bed*, or ordinary bedstead. The master lay in the latter, and the servant in the former. Johnson quotes Hall's *Servile Tutor:* —

> "He lieth in the truckle-bed,
> While his young master lieth o'er his head;"

and Steevens adds *The Return from Parnassus:* "When I lay in a trundle-bed under my tutor." The 1st quarto has "trundle bed" here.

Painted about, etc. The hangings of beds, as of rooms, were often painted or embroidered with Scripture stories. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 28: "ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth;" and Randolph, *Muse's Looking-Glass*, iii. 1:—

> "Then for the painting, I bethink myself
> That I have seen in Mother Redcap's hall,
> In painted cloth, the story of the Prodigal."

9. *Anthropophaginian.* Man-eater, cannibal. "The Host enlarges even his usual style of grandiloquence to astound and overawe Simple" (Clarke). We find *Anthropophagi* in *Oth.* i. 3. 144.

18. *Ephesian.* A cant term of the time = "jolly companion." It occurs again in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 164. Cf. *Corinthian* in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 13: "a Corinthian, a lad of mettle."

26. *Wise woman.* Fortune-teller, or witch. Cf. 103 below. Heywood's *Wise Woman of Hogsden* has such a character for its heroine. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 114: "Carry his water to the wise woman." Steevens refers to *Judges*, v. 29.

28. *Mussel-shell.* "He calls poor Simple *mussel-shell* because he stands with his mouth open" (Johnson).

31. *Thorough.* Used interchangeably with *through*, even in prose. See on *throughly*, i. 4. 90 above.

44, 45. *Conceal.* Farmer would "correct" this into "reveal." The Host repeats the blunder for the joke of the thing.

54. *Like who more bold.* That is, like the boldest. Daniel and some other editors adopt Farmer's conjecture of "Ay, Sir Tike, who," etc. *Tike* (= cur) was often used as a term of contempt; as in *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 31: "Base tike, callest thou me host?"

57. *Clerkly.* Scholarly, learned; the only instance of the word in S. Cf. *clerklike* in *W. T.* i. 2. 392.

61. *But was paid*, etc. For the play on *paid* (= punished), cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 166: "sorry you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much."

69. *Slough.* Stokes thinks the word should be printed with a

capital, as including "a local allusion as well as a pun" (*Slough* is the name of a town near Windsor); but this is doubtful.

70. *Doctor Faustuses.* Marlowe's play, *Doctor Faustus*, on the subject had already made the name familiar.

79. *Cozen-germans.* The blundering play on *cousin-german* is obvious. The 1st quarto reads: —

> "For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles,
> Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead & Readings."

The "garmombles" seems to be an intentional inversion of *Mömpelgard.* See on iv. 3. 1 above. This reference to the visit of the Germans has led some critics to date the first draft of the play in 1592; but, as Dowden remarks, the inference is unwarrantable, "for such an event would be remembered, and the more so because of the Duke's subsequent unavailing attempt [in 1595] to obtain the honour of the Garter."

100. *Liquor fishermen's boots.* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 94. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes *Walk Knaves Walk*, 1659: "They are people who will not put on a boot which is not as well liquored as themselves."

102. *As a dried pear.* "Pears, when they are dried, become flat, and lose the erect and oblong form that distinguishes them from apples" (Steevens).

103. *Primero.* The fashionable game at cards in the poet's time. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 7, the only other mention of it in S.

108. *His dam.* See on i. 1. 149 above.

Scene VI. — 14. *Larded.* Garnished, or mingled. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 37: "Larded with sweet flowers."

20. *Present.* Represent, play the part of. See *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 62, 69, iii. 2. 14, v. 1. 132, etc.

21. *Is here.* That is, in the letter.

22. *While other jests*, etc. "While they are hotly pursuing other merriment of their own" (Steevens).

41. *Quaint.* Fine, elegant. Cf. its use of feminine dress in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 102 and *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 22.

52. *Husband your device.* That is, carry it out. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 1. 68: —

> "It will be pastime passing excellent,
> If it be husbanded with modesty."

ACT V

SCENE I. — 1. *I 'll hold.* I 'll keep the engagement. Palsgrave has: "I holde it, as we say when we make a bargen, *je le tiens*."

3. *There 's divinity in odd numbers.* Steevens quotes Virgil, *Ecl.* viii. 75: "numero deus impare gaudet" (the god delights in an odd number).

9. *Mince.* Here = be off, go; literally = to walk with small steps or affectedly. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 67: —

> "and turn two mincing steps
> Into a manly stride."

14. *Went you not*, etc. Daniel remarks: "The plot, as we have seen [see on iii. 5. 1 above] is hopelessly entangled already, but Ford now puts the finishing touch to it. Referring to the second meeting, which took place on the morning of the very day on which he is speaking, he asks Falstaff, 'Went you not to her *yesterday*, sir, as you told me you had appointed?' and Falstaff is not surprised, but gives him an account of the cudgelling he had received, as Mother Prat, on the morning of the day on which the question is asked."

24. *Life is a shuttle.* Falstaff has in mind *Job*, vii. 6.

26. *Plucked geese.* Pulling the feathers from a live goose was then a boyish piece of mischief. See my *Shakespeare the Boy*, p. 132.

SCENE II. — 1. *Couch.* Hide. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 30, etc.

5. *Nay-word.* See on ii. 2. 126 above.

6. *Mum . . . budget.* Halliwell-Phillipps quotes, among other illustrations of the combination, Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "*Avoir le bec gelé*, to play mumbudget, to be tongue-tyed, to say never a word;" and *Ulysses upon Ajax*, 1596: "Mum budget, not a word."

Scene III. — 19. *Amazed.* Bewildered, confused. Cf. v. 5. 227 below. See also iii. 3. 119 above.

23. *Lewdsters.* Used by S. only here. It would properly be feminine. See on *whitsters*, iii. 3. 14 above.

The couplet is really a "tag" (see p. 144 above), though a line is added.

Scene V. — 18. *Scut.* Strictly = the tail of a hare or rabbit, but sometimes applied as here to that of other animals. S. has the word only here.

20. *Green Sleeves.* See on ii. 1. 61 above.

Kissing-comfits. Sugar-plums used to sweeten the breath. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 163: "To mend her kissing with."

Eringoes. The plant known as the "sea-holly;" popularly supposed to have aphrodisiac properties, as *potatoes* (the *sweet* potato) also were, on their first introduction into England.

25. *Bribed buck.* Halliwell-Phillipps says that *bribed* = stolen. He quotes Palsgrave: "I bribe, I pull, I pyll" (= pillage, as in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 159, etc.). Schmidt explains *bribed* as = sent as a bribe or present. Singer says: "*A bribed buck* was a buck cut up to be given away in portions. *Bribes* in old French were portions or fragments of meat which were given away."

27. *The fellow of this walk.* The keeper of this division of the forest. The *shoulders* of the deer were a part of his perquisites. Holinshed (quoted by Steevens) says: "The keeper by a custom . . . hath the skin, head, umbles, chine, and shoulders."

28. *Woodman.* A hunter; often used in a wanton sense. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 3. 170: "he is a better woodman than thou takest him for."

39. The stage-direction of the folio is simply "*Enter Fairies;*"

but "*Qui.*" and "*Qu.*" are prefixed to the speeches of the Fairy Queen that follow, and "*Pist.*" to those of Hobgoblin. From this it has been assumed by some of the editors that Mistress Quickly and Pistol are the persons who take these parts. But, as Malone remarks, they are ill suited to the parts, and are not mentioned in the arrangements for the masque in iv. 6 above. It is probable that their names were introduced here by some mistake. The '*Qui.*" may be a slip for *Qu.* = *Queen*, not *Quickly;* and "*Pist.*" may be accounted for, either by supposing, as Capell did, that the same actor who represented Pistol took also the *rôle* of Hobgoblin, or that, as Mr. Fleay believes (*Literary World*, June 19, 1880, p. 216), "*Pist.*" is a mistaken reading of *P.* or *Puc.* for *Puck.* It may be noted, incidentally, that "*Puc.*" and "*Qu.*" sometimes occur as prefixes to speeches by Hobgoblin and Titania in *M. N. D.* In the quarto the stage-direction has "*Enter . . . mistresse Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries,*" and the prefix to her speeches is "*Quic.*" or "*Quick.*" In the revision of the play this scene was entirely rewritten and much extended; and the part of the fairy queen was transferred from Mrs. Quickly to Anne Page, who in the earlier sketch was to be merely "like a little Fayrie."

White takes the ground that the part assigned to Anne in iv. 6 was transferred to Mrs. Quickly in carrying out the plot of Fenton and Anne to deceive the old folks. He says: "the determination of Page and Mrs. Page that their daughter should play the fairy queen is exactly the reason why she did *not* play it; for, as she assures her lover in her letter, she meant to deceive both, and she did so. She, Fenton, and Mrs. Quickly arranged that matter easily; and she neither wore green or white, nor played the fairy queen." The Cambridge editors also suggest that Mrs. Quickly "may have agreed to take Anne's part to facilitate her escape with Fenton;" but this seems less probable than that a prefix in the folio was misprinted.

41. *Orphan heirs of fixed destiny.* "Beings created orphans by fate; in allusion to supposed spontaneous and ex-natural births,

such as Merlin's, and others of his stamp, holding place in popular superstition, who were believed to have been born without father" (Clarke). Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 122: "Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature." Warburton asks "Why *orphan heirs?* Destiny, to whom they succeeded, was in being." White replies: "The fairies, however, were not Destiny's heirs or children, but the inheritors of a fixed destiny. Freed from human vicissitudes and deprived of human aspirations, a fixed destiny was the *estate* to which they were heirs, not the *being* to whom they succeeded." Either this explanation or Clarke's (which is perhaps to be preferred, on account of the parallel passage in 2 *Hen. IV.*) amply justifies the retention of the folio reading, which others than Warburton have questioned.

42. *Quality.* Profession; as in *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 146: "What is thy name? I know thy quality," etc.

43. *Hobgoblin.* The *Puck* of the *M. N. D.* Cf. that play, ii. 1. 40: "Those that Hobgoblin call you or sweet Puck," etc. *Oyes* = *oyez* (hear), the beginning of the crier's proclamation, used at the opening of courts, etc.

44. *Toys!* Trifles. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 3, *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 77, *W. T.* iii. 3. 39, etc.

46. *Unrak'd.* That is, not properly raked up, or put in order for the night.

47. *Bilberry.* The whortleberry; mentioned by S. only here.

48. On the fairy hatred of *sluttery*, cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 396: —

> "I am sent with broom before
> To sweep the dust behind the door"

(that is, where the careless maids neglect to sweep). Cf. also Browne, *Brit. Pastorals:* —

> "where oft the fairy queen
> At twilight sat and did command her elves
> To pinch those maids that had not swept their shelves;"

Herrick, *Hesperides*: —

"If ye will with Mab finde grace,
Set each platter in its place;
Rake the fire up and fet
Water in ere sun be set,
Wash your pales and cleanse your dairies;
Sluts are loathsome to the fairies:
Sweep your house; who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her by the toe;"

Bishop Corbet's *Farewell to the Fairies*: —

"Farewell, rewards and fairies,
Good housewives now may say;
For now fowle sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they:
And though they sweepe their hearths no lesse
Than maides were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleanlinesse
Findes sixpence in her shooe?"

and Drayton, *Nymphidia*: —

"These make our girls their sluttery rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping."

Nash, in his *Terrors of the Night*, 1594, remarks that "the Robin Goodfellowes, elfes, fairies, hobgoblins of our latter age, . . . pincht maids in their sleep that swept not their houses cleane," etc. So in *Robin Goodfellow; his mad prankes*, etc., 1628, we read: "many mad prankes would they play, as pinching of sluts black and blue, and misplacing things in ill-ordered houses; but lovingly would they use wenches that cleanly were, giving them silver and other pretty toyes, which they would leave for them, sometimes in their shooes, other times in their pockets, sometimes in bright basons and other cleane vessels."

In a poem in Poole's *English Parnassus*, Mab is spoken of as —

"She that pinches country wenches,
If they rub not clean their benches;
And with sharper nails remembers,
When they rake not up the embers;"

and in a song in the same volume we find these stanzas: —

"And if the house be foul,
Or platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs,
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And surely she is paid;
For we do use before we go
To drop a tester in her shoe."

50. *Wink.* Shut my eyes; a common meaning in S. See 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 33, *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 8, iii. 7. 153, v. 2. 327, etc.

53. *Raise up the organs of her fantasy.* Warburton assumes that this must mean "inflame her imagination with sensual ideas," and therefore changes *Raise* to "Rein;" but, as Steevens says, the meaning may be "elevate her ideas above sensuality, exalt them to the noblest contemplation." Malone paraphrases the passage thus: "Go you, and wherever you find a maid asleep that hath thrice prayed to the Deity, *though*, in consequence of her innocence, she sleep as soundly as an infant, elevate her fancy, and amuse her tranquil mind with some delightful vision." Clarke also explains the passage as = "exalt her imagination by pleasant dreams." Hudson, on the other hand, says that "*fantasy* here stands for *sensual desire*, the 'sinful fantasy' reproved afterwards in the fairies' song;" and White takes the same ground. I cannot see why *fantasy* should be = *sinful fantasy*, when it has no such sense

elsewhere in S. ; nor why the imagination of a *maid*, and one who has *thrice said her prayers* before falling asleep, should be supposed to play such wicked tricks with her.

63. *Chairs of order.* The seats of the Knights of the Garter.

64. *With juice of balm*, etc. It was an old custom to rub tables, chairs, etc., with aromatic herbs. Pliny says that the Romans did the same, to drive away evil spirits (Steevens).

65. *Several.* Separate. See on iii. 5. 108 above. *Instalment* = seat of installation.

69. *Expressure.* Expression, or impression. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 204 and *T. N.* ii. 3. 171.

71. *Pense.* A dissyllable here, as in French verse.

75. *Charactery.* Writing; as again in *J. C.* ii. 1. 308: "All the charactery of my sad brows." In both passages it is accented on the second syllable. Cf. also *character* (= handwriting) in *M. for M.* iv. 2. 208, *Ham.* iv. 7. 53, etc.

82. *Middle-earth.* "Spirits are supposed to inhabit the ethereal regions, and fairies to dwell underground ; men therefore are in a middle station" (Johnson). Early English writers often use *middle-earth* in this sense.

85. *O'erlook'd.* Bewitched by the "evil eye." Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 15: —

> "Beshrew your eyes,
> They have o'erlook'd me and divided me."

86. *With trial-fire*, etc. Steevens cites Beaumont and Fletcher, *Faithful Shepherdess* : —

> "In this flame his finger thrust,
> Which will burn him if he lust;
> But if not, away will turn,
> As loth unspotted flesh to burn."

88. *Turn him to no pain.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 64: "To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to ; " *Cor.* iii. 1. 284: "The which shall turn you to no further harm," etc.

94. After this speech Theobald inserts from the quarto: "*Evans.* It is right, indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquity."

96. *Luxury.* Lasciviousness; the only sense in S. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 5. 6, *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 80, *Ham.* i. 5. 83, etc. So *luxurious* = lustful; as in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 42, etc.

97. *A bloody fire.* "The fire i' the blood" (*Temp.* iv. 1. 53).

105. *Watch'd you.* Caught you by lying in wait for you. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 45: "Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch" (cf. 58 just below).

107. *Hold up the jest.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 239: "hold the sweet jest up," etc.

109. *These fair yokes.* The 1st folio has "yoakes," the 2d "okes;" and some modern eds. read "oaks." *Yokes*, if it be what S. wrote, may allude to the branching antlers on Falstaff's head, which bore some resemblance to the projections on the top of ox-yokes. Halliwell-Phillipps says that the allusion is "unquestionably" to the horns "fastened with a substantial bandage, passing over the head and tied under the chin." According to the other reading, the antlers are compared to the branches of oaks.

131. *Jack-a-Lent.* See on iii. 3. 27 above.

143. *A coxcomb of frize.* A fool's cap of frize, a woollen fabric for which Wales was famous. For *frize*, cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 127; and for the *coxcomb*, see *Lear*, i. 4. 105, 109, 114, etc.

156. *Hodge-pudding.* Probably a pudding somewhat like a hodge-podge, or hotch-potch. The word has not been found elsewhere.

158. *Intolerable entrails.* Monstrous bowels.

167. *Flannel.* "The very word is derived from a Welch one, so that it is almost unnecessary to add that *flannel* was originally the manufacture of Wales" (Steevens).

Ignorance itself is a plummet over me. "I am so enfeebled that ignorance itself weighs me down and oppresses me" (Johnson); "ignorance itself is not so low as I am, by the length of a plummet line" (Tyrwhitt); "ignorance itself points out my deviations from

rectitude" (Henley and White); "ignorance itself can sound the depths of my shallowness in this" (Clarke and Schmidt). Staunton quotes Shirley, *Love in a Maze*, iv. 2: "What, art melancholy? What hath hung plummets on thy nimble soul?" The only other instances of the word *plummet* in S. are *Temp.* iii. 3. 101 and v. 1. 56, which favour Clarke's explanation, though Tyrwhitt's is on the whole preferable.

174. *Affliction.* After this speech, Theobald inserts the following from the quarto: —

> "*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband let that go to make amends;
> Forgive that sum, and so we 'll all be friends.
> *Ford.* Well, here 's my hand; all 's forgiven at last."

176. *A posset.* See on i. 4. 7 and iii. 5. 29 above. Clarke remarks: "There is something especially cordial in the introduction of this proposal from the good-natured yeoman, Master Page; it serves to keep the jest upon Falstaff within the range of comedy-banter, and to show that he is included in the general reconciliation which closes the play."

179–181. Daniel plausibly suggests that this may be corrupt verse, and should read: —

> "Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter,
> She is by this *time* Doctor Caius' wife."

192. *Swinged.* Whipped. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 288, etc.

194. *Postmaster's boy.* Steevens inserts here from the quarto: —

> "*Evans.* Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?
> *Page.* O, I am vex'd at heart! What shall I do?"

227. *Amaze.* Bewilder, confuse. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 3. 140: "I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way," etc.

234. *Unduteous title.* Title of unduteousness. For *title* "wile," "will," etc., have been substituted; but *title* simply repeats the *name* of the preceding line.

235. *Evitate.* Avoid; used by S. only here.

242. *Stand.* The station or hiding-place of a huntsman waiting for game. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 111 : —

> "Why hast thou gone so far,
> To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
> The elected deer before thee ?"

See also *Id.* ii. 3. 75, *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 10, and 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 3. Some of the editors appear to suppose that *stands* were only for the use of lady hunters, but it is evident from some of these passages that this is a mistake. In *Cymb.*, for instance, Pisanio is addressed, and in 3 *Hen. VI.* a Keeper.

246. *All sorts of deer are chas'd.* "Young and old, does as well as bucks. He alludes to Fenton's having just *run down* Anne Page" (Malone). "Falstaff here takes a final chuckle over those who have defeated his pursuit of the *dear* merry wives, by showing them that their *dear* daughter has been caught by the man who was not their choice, but hers" (Clarke).

Before this line Pope and Theobald insert from the quarto : "*Evans* [*aside to Fenton*]. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding." Johnson regrets the omission of the following, which the quarto gives after 243 : —

> "*Mi. For.* Come mistris *Page*, Ile be bold with you,
> Tis pitie to part loue that is so true.
> *Mis. Pa.* Altho that I haue missed in my intent,
> Yet *I* am glad my husbands match was crossed,
> Here M. F*enton*, take her, and God giue thee ioy.
> *Sir Hu :* Come M. *Page*, you must needs agree.
> F*o.* I yfaith sir come, you see your wife is wel pleased :
> P*a.* *I* cannot tel, and yet my hart's well eased,
> And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed.
> Come hither F*enton*, and come hither daughter,
> Go too you might haue staid for my good will,
> But since your choise is made of one you loue,
> Here take her, F*enton*, & both happie proue.
> *Sir Hu.* *I* wil also dance & eate plums at your weddings."

247. *Muse.* "Foster my grudge." Schmidt, who thus explains it, defines the verb as = "to give one's self up to thought, particularly of a painful nature," in *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 176 and *J. C.* ii. 1. 240. Here it may simply mean "wonder about it, or puzzle myself over it."

APPENDIX

Comments on Some of the Characters

Charles Cowden-Clarke (whose *Shakespeare Characters*, published in 1863, is out of print and not to be found in many of the libraries), after referring (see p. 19 above) to the "purely English" character of the play, remarks: —

"The *dramatis personæ*, too, perfectly harmonize, and are in strict keeping with the scene. They are redolent of health and good-humour — that moral and physical sunshine.

"There are the two 'Merry Wives' themselves. What a picture we have of buxom, laughing, ripe beauty! ready for any frolic 'that may not sully the chariness of their honesty.' . . . Then, there is Page, the very personification of hearty English hospitality. You feel the tight grasp of his hand, and see the honest sparkle of his eye, as he leads in the wranglers with, 'Come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.' If I were required to point to the portrait of a genuine, indigenous Englishman, throughout the whole of the works of Shakespeare, Page would be the man. Every thought of his heart, every motion of his body, appears to be the result of pure instinct; he has nothing exotic or artificial about him. He possesses strong yeoman sense, an unmistakable speech, a trusting nature, and a fearless deportment; and these are the characteristics of a true Englishman. He is to be gulled — no man more so; and he is gulled every day in the year — no proof, you will say, of his 'strong yeoman sense;' but an Englishman is quite as frequently gulled with his eyes open as when they are hoodwinked. He has a conceit in being indifferent to chicanery. He confides in his own strength when it behooves him to exert it; and then he abates the nuisance. . . .

"Mrs. Page is a sprightly, sensible, quick-witted woman, who deserves her husband's confidence — and has it — by her faithful, true-hearted allegiance to him; who secures and preserves his love by her cheerful spirits, and blithe good-humour; and who seconds her husband in all his hospitable, peace-making schemes; for, at the end of the play, she says, 'Let us every one go home, and laugh this sport o'er by a country fire — Sir John and all.' In short, they are a perfectly worthy couple — worthy of each other, in their good temper, good faith, and excellent good sense.

"Slender comes out in this play with extraordinary force. He and Falstaff are the persons who at once present themselves to the imagination, when it is referred to. What a speaking portrait we have of Slender in the conversation between Mrs. Quickly and his man Simple! His 'little wee face, with a little yellow beard — a cane-coloured beard.' He is a 'tall fellow, too, of his hands, as any is, between this and his head.' The humorous, quaint, and witty old Fuller says: 'Your men that are built six stories high have seldom much in their cockloft.' But Master Slender hath earned a reputation, at all events, with his serving-man; he hath 'fought with a warrener.' And he doth not hide his pretensions to valour, especially from the women, or his station in society. He takes care that Anne Page shall know he 'keeps three men and a boy, till his mother be dead;' and that he lives like a 'poor gentleman born.' He says this before Anne, not to her.

"It is interesting to note the distinction that Shakespeare has made in drawing the two fools, Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Master Slender. The difference between them seems to be that Andrew is stupid, awkward, and incompetent, and fails in all cases from lack of ideas to help him in his need: if he had these, his stock of conceit would carry him through and over anything; but he is a coward as well as a fool. Slender possesses not only the deficiencies of Aguecheek, but he is bashful, even to sheepishness. This quality makes him uniformly dependent on one or another for support, . . . and yet, withal, in little non-essentials of conduct and

character, he is not so perfect a fool but that he has the tact to display his accomplishments to win his mistress's favour. . . . Having insinuated his rank and 'possibilities,' what love-diplomacy can surpass the patronizing, and the magnanimous indifference with which he introduces the subject of his courage? Anne is sent to entreat him to dinner: —

'*Slender.* I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, — three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes — and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slender. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon *quarrel* at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slender. That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it that it passed. But women, indeed, can't abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.'

"Does not this precisely tally with Mrs. Quickly's description of the man, that he 'holds up his head, as it were, and struts in his gait?' . . .

"That is an excellent touch of worldly prudence on the part of Anne's father, by the way, brought in to justify his objection to the addresses of Fenton; not only for his 'riots past and wild societies,' his being 'galled in his expense,' which he 'seeks to heal' by an alliance with his daughter: but Page, moreover, being a plain, unaspiring yeoman, is also unfavourable to Fenton, on account of his being 'too great of birth.' This simple, fleeting expression places the whole character of the father before us in perfect integrity and consistency. . . . It also prepares us for Fenton's honest justification of himself. And here we have one of Shakespeare's

lessons in wisdom — in the matrimonial contract to avoid every thing in the shape of duplicity and mental reservation — most especially before the fulfilment of it. This passage in Fenton's courtship is the only one which gives him an interest with us as a lover, because it raises him in our esteem; and with the confession, it is natural that Anne should promote his suit. In answer to his report of her father's objection to him, that 'it is impossible he should love her but as a property,' like a sensible girl, she candidly replies, 'May be he tells you true;' and he as candidly and fervently replies: —

> 'No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
> Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
> Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne,
> Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
> Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;
> And 't is the very riches of thyself
> That now I aim at.'

The consummation of his good sense and steadiness of character appears at the close of the play; and Shakespeare's own matrimonial morality is displayed, where Fenton succeeds in carrying off Anne, in the teeth of Page and his wife, who each wanted to force her into a money-match. Fenton's rebuke is excellent; and the father and mother's reconciliation perfectly harmonizes with their frank and generous dispositions. Fenton says: —

> 'Hear the truth of it.
> You would have married her most shamefully,
> Where there was no proportion held in love.
> * * * * * * *
> The offence is *holy* that she hath committed;
> And this deceit loses the name of craft,
> Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
> Since therein she doth evitate and shun
> A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
> Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.'

"Next in order comes the good-natured but peppery Welsh parson, Sir Hugh. . . . The country parish priests in those days were a different class of men from the present members of the Establishment: nevertheless, some scattered remnants of the old brotherhood may still be met with in those secluded villages where the high post and railroads swerve in the distance: men of almost indiscriminate sociality, taking an inoffensive part in the pastimes and homely mirth of the parishioners. I knew a gentleman who well remembered Dr. Young, the eminent author of the *Night Thoughts*, in his rectory at Welwyn, in Hertfordshire. He had dined at his table on the Sunday, when he and any of his schoolfellows had acquitted themselves creditably during the week at the grammar school. Among other personal anecdotes, he told me that he had constantly seen him playing at bowls on the Sunday, after he had preached the words of peace and goodwill and eternal salvation to his flock. He not only tolerated, but even promoted, that harmless recreation; at the same time he had a keen eye and a reproof for all who were truants at the hour of prayer.

"Sir Hugh Evans stands not aloof from the plot to get Anne a good husband; and he is master of the band of fairies to pinch and worry the fat knight in the revelry under Herne's oak. . . . And he was an actor, too, as well as manager of the revels; for Falstaff says while they are tormenting him: 'Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy! lest he transform me into a piece of cheese!' Even in the noted scene of the duel with Doctor Caius, although the honest preacher is forced into a ludicrous predicament by the hoax of mine host of the Garter, yet our kindly feeling for Sir Hugh remains unimpaired. It is true, he waxeth into a tremendous Welsh passion: he is full of 'melancholies' and 'tremplings of mind;' moreover, not being a professed duellist, his self-possession is not conspicuous: he sings a scrap of a madrigal and a line of a psalm, and mixes both. But when the belligerents *do* meet, and he finds that they have been fooled by the whole party, he is the one to preserve their mutual self-respect: 'Pray you, let us not be

laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. He has made us his vlouting-stog; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.' And the way in which he revenges himself is — like a practical teacher of the 'Sermon on the Mount' — to come and put the host on his guard against trusting the Germans with his horses. . . .

"Dame Quickly makes herself necessary to all, by reason of her fussiness, and conspicuous by reason of her folly. . . . She meddles in every one's affair: she acts the go-between for Falstaff with the two merry wives; she courts Anne Page for her master, undertaking the same office for Slender. She favours the suit of Fenton; and if the Welsh parson had turned an eye of favour upon the yeoman's pretty daughter, she would have played the hymeneal Hebe to him too. Her whole character for mere busy-bodying is comprised in that one speech when Fenton gives her the ring for his 'sweet Nan.' After he has gone out, she says: 'Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath; a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three: for so I have promised, and I will be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton.' . . . Like a true potterer, she interferes in every conversation, and elbows herself in wherever she sees business going on. Sir Hugh cannot even examine the little boy Page in his Latin exercise but she must put in her comments. . . .

"*The Merry Wives of Windsor* is all movement and variety from the first scene to the very last; and the last ends in a rich piece of romance. Dr. Johnson is right in his estimate when he says, 'Its general power, that power by which works of genius shall finally be tried, is such that perhaps it never yet had reader or spectator who did not think it too soon at an end.'"

The Time-Analysis of the Play

As Mr. P. A. Daniel shows in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 124 fol.), it is impossible, as the play now stands, to make out any consistent time-division of it. The chief difficulty is in the confusion with reference to Falstaff's meetings with Mrs. Ford, which he states as follows (cf. note on iii. 5. 1 above): —

"The first meeting, which ends with the buck-basket, takes place between ten and eleven on one morning; the second meeting is determined for the morrow of the first, and actually follows it; but yet the invitation to it and its actual occurrence are fixed by the play at an earlier hour of the same day as that on which the first takes place; and when it has thus got in advance of the first, Ford refers to the first as being *before* it. And the confusion does not end here, for on the very day of the second meeting Ford refers to that second meeting as having taken place on the 'yesterday,' and thus the third meeting, which is on the night of the day of the second, is driven forward to the night of the day following it. . . .

"The chief error, then, lies in sc. v. of Act III.; that scene must, I think, have been formed by the violent junction — I cannot call it fusion — of two separate scenes representing portions of two separate days. The first part of the scene — Mrs. Quickly and Falstaff — is inseparably connected with the day of Falstaff's first interview with Mrs. Ford; the second part is as inseparably connected with the day of the second interview. The first part clearly shows us Falstaff in the afternoon, just escaped from his ducking in the Thames; the second part as clearly shows him in the early morning about to keep his second appointment with Mrs. Ford. Cut this actual scene v. into two, ending the first with Mrs. Quickly's last speech — 'Peace be with you, sir,' — and the main difficulty vanishes, and the only change required in the text of the Folio to make it agree with the previous scenes is the alteration of *two words*. In her first speech Mrs. Quickly says, 'Give your worship good mor-

row.' For *morrow* read *even*. In lines 45–6 she says, 'Her husband goes this morning a-birding.' For *this morning* read *in the morning* or *to-morrow morning*. Not a syllable need be changed in the Ford part of the scene; but with this part we might begin Act IV. The confusion between Falstaff's first and second interviews with Mrs. Ford would be thus absolutely cured. To complete our task and make the text of the play perfectly accordant with its plot we should further alter one word in Act V. sc. i. Ford there says, 'Went you not to her yesterday, sir?' etc. For *yesterday* read *this morning*."

Mr. Daniel believes that this error in iii. 5 never existed in the author's manuscript, but is "the result of some managerial attempt to compress the two scenes into one for the convenience of the stage representation;" and that the words which he proposes to alter were then introduced into the folio version in order to make the new scene self-consistent.

Disentangling the 2d and 3d days of the action, as Mr. Daniel suggests, the "time-analysis" will stand as follows: —

"Day 1. Act I. sc. i. to iv.

" 2. Act II. sc. i. to iii., Act III. sc. i. to iv., and the Quickly portion of sc. v.

" 3. The Ford portion of Act III. sc. v. to end of the Play."

List of Characters in the Play

The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Falstaff: i. 1 (19), 3(52); ii. 2(120); iii. 3(40), 5(105); iv. 2(15), 5(44); v. 1(28), 5(65). Whole no. 488.

Fenton: i. 4(14); iii. 4(27); iv. 6(48); v. 5(11). Whole no. 100.

Shallow: i. 1(55); ii. 1(20), 3(20); iii. 1(14), 2(7), 4(13); iv. 2(4); v. 2(4). Whole no. 137.

Slender: i. 1(107); ii. 3(3); iii. 1(3), 2(4), 4(23); v. 2(5), 5(18). Whole no. 163.

Ford: ii. 1(34), 2(115); iii. 2(39), 3(30), 5(29); iv. 2(50), 4(12); v. 1(2), 5(28). Whole no. 339.

Page: i. 1(26); ii. 1(29), 3(8); iii. 1(16), 2(12), 3(13), 4(8); iv. 2(8), 4(22); v. 2(7), 5(25). Whole no. 174.

William Page: iv. 1(13). Whole no. 13.

Evans: i. 1(85), 2(12); iii. 1(57), 3(15); iv. 1(39), 2(11), 4(12), 5(9); v. 4(4), 5(21). Whole no. 265.

Caius: i. 4(44); ii. 3(33); iii. 1(13), 2(3), 3(8); iv. 5(6); v. 3(1), 5(6). Whole no. 114.

Host: i. 3(11); ii. 1(12), 3(35); iii. 1(18), 2(7); iv. 3(9), 5(32), 6(7). Whole no. 131.

Bardolph: i. 1(6), 3(2); ii. 2(5); iii. 5(5); iv. 3(5), 5(6). Whole no. 29.

Pistol: i. 1(6), 3(28); ii. 1(13), 2(7); v. 5(7). Whole no. 61.

Nym: i. 1(6), 3(21); ii. 1(10). Whole no. 37.

Robin: ii. 2(1); iii. 2(3), 3(11). Whole no. 15.

Simple: i. 1(3), 2(1), 4(15); iii. 1(8); iv. 5(24). Whole no. 51.

Rugby: i. 4(4); ii. 3(7). Whole no. 11.

1*st Servant:* iii. 3(1); iv. 2(3). Whole no. 4.

2*d Servant:* iv. 2(2). Whole no. 2.

Mistress Ford: ii. 1(45); iii. 3(75); iv. 2(67), 4(7); v. 3(5) 5(10). Whole no. 209.

Mistress Page: ii. 1(83); iii. 2(18), 3(67), 4(8); iv. 1(17), 2(80), 4(43); v. 3(19), 5(26). Whole no. 361.

Anne Page: i. 1(13); iii. 4(18); v. 5(45). Whole no. 76.

Mistress Quickly: i. 4(103); ii. 1(2), 2(81); iii. 4(21), 5(16); iv. 1(18), 5(11); v. 1(2). Whole no. 254.

"*All*": iii. 2(1). Whole no. 1.

In the above enumeration parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total of the play greater than it is. The actual

number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1(326), 2(13), 3(114), 4(180); ii. 1(248), 2(329), 3(102); iii. 1(129), 2(93), 3(260), 4(115), 5(155); iv. 1(87), 2(240), 3(14), 4(91), 5(132), 6(55); v. 1(32), 2(16), 3(25), 4(4), 5(259). Whole no. in the play, 3019.

Falstaff has more lines in the plays than any other character except Henry V. In addition to the 488 lines in the present play, Jack has 719 in 1 *Henry IV.* and 688 in 2 *Henry IV.*, making 1895 lines in all. Henry, as Prince and King, has 616 lines in 1 *Henry IV.*, 308 in 2 *Henry IV.*, and 1063 in *Henry V.*, or 1987 lines in all — more than any other character in the plays. Henry IV. has 414 lines, as Bolingbroke, in *Richard II.*, 341 in 1 *Henry IV.*, and 294 in 2 *Henry IV.*, or 1049 in all. Henry VI. has 179, 314, and 562, respectively, in the three plays in which he figures (I do not count his Ghost in *Richard III.*), or 1055 in all. Margaret of Anjou has the distinction of appearing in *four* plays, and of having more lines than any other female character in Shakespeare: 33, 317, and 279, respectively, in the *Henry VI.* plays, and 218 in *Richard III.*, or 847 in all. Hamlet has 1569 lines, Richard III. 1161 (with 24 in 2 *Henry VI.* and 390 in 3 *Henry VI.*, or 1575 in all), and Iago 1117. No other character has over 900 lines in any one play; and the only other important character figuring in more than one is Mark Antony, who has 327 lines in *J. C.* and 829 in *A. and C.*, or 1156 in all. Many of the minor characters in the English historical plays appear in more than one play, and some of them have several hundred lines in the aggregate.

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